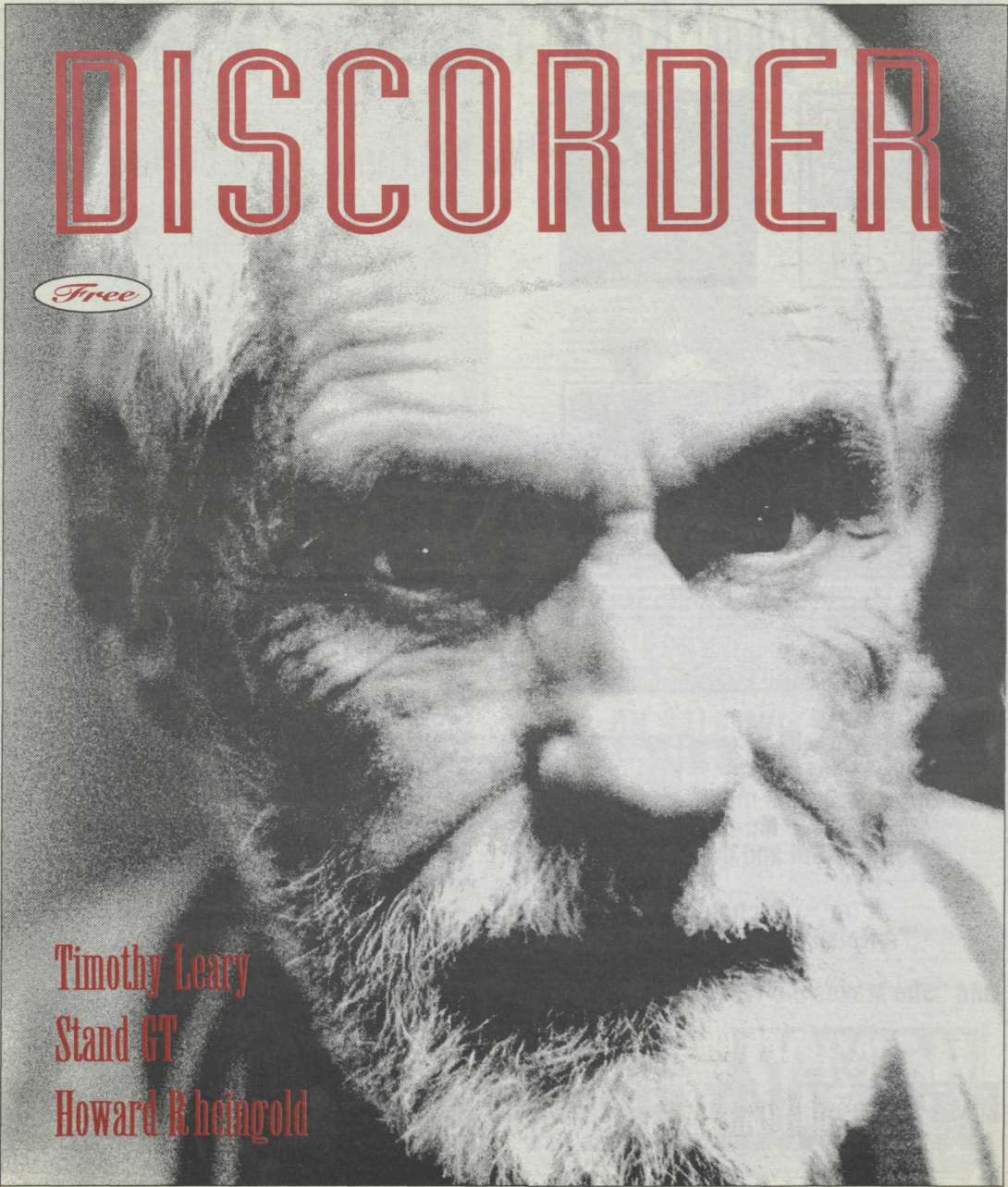


DISCORDER



Free

Timothy Leary

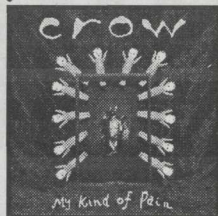
Stand GT

Howard Rheingold

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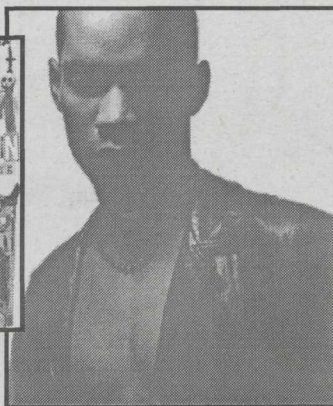


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DISCORDER

March 1994
Issue #134

Cover

"I looked like this when Wolfman Jack was still a greaser..."

— Revenen the impossibilist

Dr. Timothy Leary may not look like either Revenen the impossibilist or Wolfman Jack, but his head does take up the whole cover. Lincoln Clarke was kind enough to point this camera in Dr. Leary's direction.

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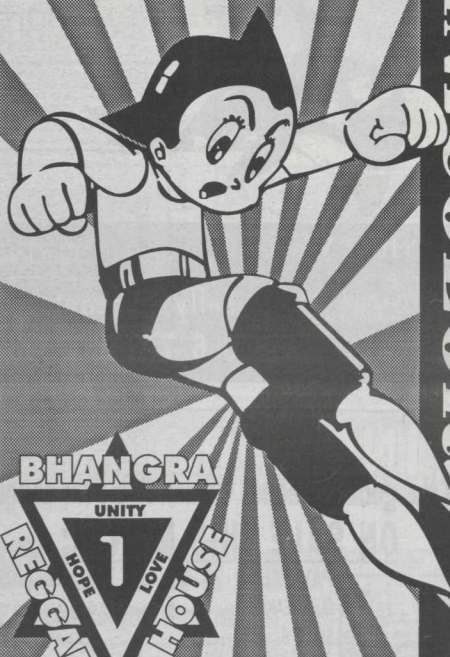
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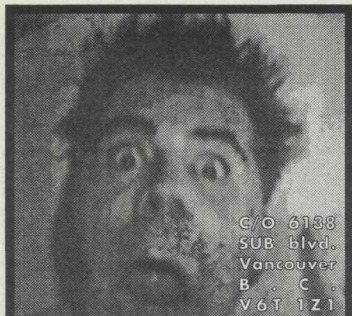
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AIRHEAD

Hey Airhead

Your feature on Classical music bored me. It was filled with meaningless details and humors. This type of music is much more interesting than what you trendy bandwagon jumpers usually promote. Your writers was superlative in describing the latest retro, hippy, post-punk, psychdelic, mutant-metal, hip-hop, 70's folk-rock disco band. If your writers are as smart as they like to appear, then why are they always sucking up to such a bunch of no talent, posturing/idiots. Ninety-nine percent of these so called serious musician/artists have never studied music—they don't even know how to hold dicks much less their guitars. They take good pictures though good lighting and camera angles. Their worldly outlook and fuck you attitude always comes through.

Enough of this. Classical review: great idea for your magazine to at least recognise serious music. That writer, John Brunstein, however will do more to turn off potential music lovers and reinforce stereotypes. His writing is dull. The graphics are uninteresting. Get some new writers to add the "attitude" found in such abundance on the rest of your pages. Hey Fagot would do if he knew half as much about art-music as he probably does the inside of your assholes. Get Hey Fagot from Terminal City. He's got the balls for the job.

Jim Gwanchook
Vancouver

Let's see if I've got this straight, Jim. You slag 99% of the music we regularly feature because the musicians have never studied music and rely on their "worldly outlook

and fuck-you attitude," while you argue that one of our columnists, who has studied classical music, should be replaced by a writer who probably knows almost nothing about the subject (but has "attitude" in spades). You, sir, are an idiot. Please, continue to read Terminal City because they seem to be moving at your intellectual pace.



COWSHED CHRONICLES

ALBOUGHT HIMSELF AN OLD INTERNATIONAL PICK-UP LAST WEEK AND HAS DECIDED THAT NOW IS THE TIME TO LOAD UP AND MOVE ON. I KEEP TELLING HIM THAT IT'S BETTER TO CHANGE THE BARS YOU HANG-OUT IN THAN TO CLEAN HOUSE AND MOVE TO A NEW TOWN AND TRY AND FIND NEW BAR FLIES TO LIE TO. FACT IS, THE MORE YOU TRY AND HIDE FROM THOSE PEOPLE YOU KNOW THE MORE YOU RUN INTO THEM AT THE WORST TIMES; BASTARDS TURN UP IN THE DAMNEDDEST PLACES. COULD BE THAT I'M TIRED OF MOVIN' MYSELF BUT FACT IS A GOOD NUDGE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND I COULD BE OFF AND RUNNING MYSELF. YOU JUST NEVER KNOW. DAD CALLED FROM HIS WORK TODAY AND TOLD US HE HIT A DOG ON THE WAY TO WORK—PULLED OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY AND, AS HE HEADED UP THE STREET, NAILED IT DEAD ON AS IT CROSSED IN FRONT OF HIS CAR. SENT IT FLYING SIXTY-SEVEN FEET INTO THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR'S YARD. SHIT LUCK. THE KID WHO OWNED THE DOG CAME RUNNING OUT AND, APPARENTLY, WENT INTO SHOCK AND DAD HAD TO TAKE HER TO THE HOSPITAL. WORD IS SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT, 'CEPT MOST OF HER HAIR HAS FALLEN OUT DUE TO THE SHOCK OF IT ALL. WENDY SAYS I'VE GOT TO STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT. GET BUSY, DO SOMETHING WITH MY LIFE. TOMORROW, MAYBE. NOT TODAY, GOT TOO MUCH TO DO; GOTTA HELP AL LOAD UP HIS PICK-UP.

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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Another all-comics bonanza this month!

Pixy
A Shroud for Waldo
Beyond the Pale!

I hopped on the Greyhound down to Seattle last month and had a swell mini-vacation. Highlights included viewing rare Betty Boop cartoons at the incredible Pike Street Cinema, staying up late reading Roberta Gregory's comics and watching the SuperBowl in a room full of cartoonists. I visited the Fantagraphics warehouse and was given review copies of books! I foolishly might have overlooked *Pixy* by Swede Max Andersson is one title I had glanced at in the comic shop but snuffed at the premise of a beer-swilling, gun-toting aborted child coming after his parents in a wasteland future society. Naturally, it turns out this book is a mind-blowing work of art with very dark humor. Body image, power, money, and the mighty blue and yellow IKEA store all play a part.

brother Simon). Although not very familiar with Deitch's cartooning I did recognize Waldo, his infamous cat character, scruffy nude (genitals and all!) so that he is.

I like Waldo so much, that Deitch's other work holds less fascination for me, however *Beyond the Pale!* is a fine collection hand-picked by the author himself. Yet for this new convert to Deitch's art I can only recommend *A Shroud for Waldo* as a place to begin. The 50 pages were originally serialized in the L.A. Weekly in 1990. On the exquisite horror of having to wait 7 days between "episodes". Our man Waldo shares the stage with Jesus and it turns out Waldo was a very bad person in ancient history but I'll keep you in suspense.

Now would be a great time to discover Deitch's work, too. Fantagraphics is about to publish a new 3 issue mini-series called *Waldo World* (co-written with his brother Simon) and *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* has also been re-

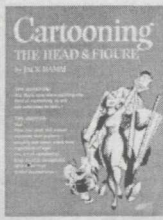
quite impressed that an actual bandage had been pressed onto the covers image, also I didn't purchase the comic. Rather than feel guilty about this, I can happily report that *Spunkin'*, *Sin Comics* and Dylan Horrocks's *Pickle* are now being published by Black Eye and look great. *Spunkin'* is a new anthology which will be released quarterly, the first issue contains an illustrated interview with Bruce "Highway 61" McDonald and a profile on Adrian Tomine whose *Optic Nerve* mini-comic is on the mark (as seen in *Pulse!* which you should never buy here but pick up for free at Tower records in the States). *Spunkin'* comes with a real-vinyl 45 and although mine was smashed up during transit I consider the "zine a bargain at 5 bucks. I'm left wondering that "Daddy Carbon" sounds like too.

Sin Comics #1 by Jay Stephens cuts between stories of a cartoon cat and some sort of angst ridden superghoul named Felix. *Pickle* by New Zealander Dylan Horrocks fared much better. The stories kicked off with the quite pitiful "The Fall of Captain Tomorrow," yet *Pickle* won me by the end with time (perhaps) stories of work and love.

Cartooning: The Head & Figure
(Perigee Books, 120 pgs. \$10.50)

All hail Jack Hamm. This is the man who's been making art study a happy experience for people since 1963 when his instruction manuals began to appear. Hamm's books include loads of illustrations and ideas on style. The work has an old fashioned 30's feel which is so "old" in "new" again. His books are available at the library and I came across my own copy at Dullin's downtown. Inspiration doesn't usually come at the low a price.

True Swamp through his own Peristaltic Press (it wasn't in my dictionary). Nice job, lovely color cover and the 'hero' is a frog. The animals use an odd barter system of trading thoughts of cities in place of payment—well, of course, where would they hold their money (ha ha). Peristaltic PO Box 95973, Seattle, WA 98145. *Big Mouth* is drawn by Pat Moriarty and written by celebs. Number 3 features the words of Bukowski, Rollins, P. Bagge, Dave Greenberger and even Penn & Teller. Rumour has that Slash fellow from Guns and Roses penning a strip. I doubt I would ever purchase a comic titled *Crap*, but will admit I enjoyed perusing JR Williams title (the #2 issue at that) and was surprised to see JR portray the lives of five room-mates with such hilarity and aplomb. Great artist, juvenile title. Julie Douce's *Love Ya Jambie Mon Poisson Est Mort!* (liff your leg my fish is dead!) is a collection of her earliest mini-comix and anthology art published by Drawn and Quarterly...Now, *Endsville* is a hilarious collection of cartoons by Carol Lay published by Kitchen Sink. Lay pokes fun at family relationships and the title story involves ghosts



and deception in love... I had eagerly awaited *Diva* from Starhead Comics (PO Box 30044, Seattle, WA 98103) which features Fiona Smyth, Dame Darcy and Ellen Forney. Ms. Smyth's work has been collected in her own book *Nocturnal Emissions* and I enjoy the big page reports in *Sinphunt*. Hereafter, here, Sugar Sandwich, comes as a slightly trippy letdown. Dame Darcy, queen of the Roller Derby whose own *Meat Cake* comic is published by that other Seattle comic co. is found here with dramatic odds and ends. Ellen Forney comes across as a real toughie who wrestles her pain, look for her own solo book *Tomato* to be published by Starhead this Spring...I've been buying *The Comics Journal* for a year now—it took the Neil Gaiman issue for me to finally actually purchase one—and I can't recommend this magazine highly enough. The letters column and editorials can be somewhat over the top, but in terms of info on the comic world, you can't do better. For example the Dec '93 issue featured interviews with not only Michael 'Madman' Allred but also Jim

Woodring...Speaking of *Madman* the first three issues of Allred's series have been collected by Kitchen Sink who until now published this zany superduper hero. Starting in April *Madman* Comics will appear, published every second month by Dark Horse. *Babble-On* Press is now to Vancouver and publishing *Rubberneck* a collection of comic mostly by Julian Lawrence which includes an eye-opening look into the sordid world of panty hijinks in Japan. Peter Kuper and Seth Tobocman began the trend left-wing *World War 3 Illustrated* 13 years ago. Kuper's innovative stencil style of cartooning is an acquired taste for the reader. He's completed five issues of *Bleeding Heart* his mostly political sometime autobiographical storyline for Fantagraphics and in the coming months will release *Wild Kingdom* which promotes more of the same and ermy bunny rabbits...Colin Upson and Roberta Gregory are among those cartooning in *Skunk* a new take-off on the "funny animal" genre of comics, and keep a look out for a collection of Ms. Gregory's *Naughty Bits* this Spring.



what people are reading

Ever wonder What People are Reading? I do. The fine staff of *Discover* took time between edits, NBA IAM games, layout, and long discussions on why Macaulay the world, to write and tell about. Most of them even put down their computer manuals for this assignment.

The World of Pooch - A.A. Milne with illustrations by E.H. Shepherd. See, with me it's either Pooch or feminist theory and after sitting/suffering/sleeping through *Naked* twice, I should probably be working on my Naomi Wolf book rather than frolicking in Hamlet's Alter Wool, but there is just something about Pooch and Piglet and Christopher Robin. Pooch is the ultimate easy going, straight thinking, problem solver and even though he is a bear of little brain, he always seems to get by somehow. We should all be so lucky. The perfect book for a rainy day or when you are down. Pooch will make everything better. Tiddly poem. (Lane Dunlop)

Mauro - E.M. Foster
A so-so movie by the astounding Merchant-Ivory team originated as an excellent novel by one of their favorite authors, E.M. Foster. A humorous, disturbing, and, ultimately elating insight into

the life of a homosexual Englishman at the beginning of this century. Maurice was written in 1913 but lay unpublished until Foster's death in 1970. The best part about Maurice is the eternal optimism of its ending. Foster is always good for a laugh, a lift, and a mental prod. Thanks Ed (Tania Aleksion)

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues - Tom Robbins
I'm reading (or should I say trying to read - I have to scratch it from my roommate whenever she puts it down) this in bits-and-pieces, but I like it so far. It seems to be slapping up mostly as the story of Sisay, litchikiller supreme, but there are also a lot of time spent at the Rubber Rose Ranch. As the catch line on the back says, "There have been many great drivers, but only one great passenger." (Robin Beech)

Slacker - Richard ("Dick") Linklater
Oh, I know this is so unforgettingly "Generation X" of me, but this is one of the few print publications I've wanted to own in a long time. In fact, this book is even more enjoyable than the movie itself: it lends itself perfectly to five-minute browses. Linklater includes biographies of the cast based on his original inter-

views, it's amazing how some of them incorporated their own lives into their characters. Also included is a history of the film's production and long, slow read to release and distribution. Even enjoyed the foreword by Doug Copeland. (Anthony Hempel)

Midnight's Children - Salman Rushdie
In 550 pages of lucidly interwoven history and myth, Rushdie breaks all former molds and takes us to places our imaginations and intellects never knew existed. This book is pure delight yet leaves me depressed knowing that the author lives in hiding from a group of zealots who want to outlaw beauty. I think I'll go read Winnie the Pooch again. (Ace Walkley)

Albus PageMaker User Manual 5.0
A hefty 468 pages of raw eye popping data from our good friends at Aldus Corp. The joy of knowledge is a fast and hard. So far I'm about half way through and, yes it's reading like xerox instructions, but keep in mind that, as always, we have the best instructions of our readers in mind. The more we learn about our software, the quicker we can pump out this lovely magazine to you the people. Did I mention we do beta testing? (Mark Pilow)



The vice-president of Fantagraphics had his pity well when I told him I wasn't very familiar with the work of Kim Deitch, and handed me *A Shroud for Waldo* and *Beyond the Pale!* to set me straight. Deitch first went pro in the late 60's working for New York's *East Village Other* magazine and developed his strongest fan base after appearing in *RAW* with the epic *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* (co-authored with his

printed. Very dreamy, old-fashioned art with treacherous undertones.

Spunkin'
(Black Eye Productions)
Black Eye arose from the ashes of Tragically Stripes Press, an Ontario small comics press who picked the wrong name. I remember seeing a copy of their *Sin* comic and being

For goodness sake, don't make any plans for Saturday, April 30th, cos that's the date for *Comic-A-Go-Go* at the Video In (1965 Main). This will be a benefit fundraiser for the Little Sisters League Defence Fund, and will include loads of local cartoonists plus live music!

TRUE COMIX FACTS:

The husband and wife cartooning team that I'd bet my money on would be Bill 'Zippy' Griffith and his wife Diane Noonin: I recently got *Riff Press* to express me. *True Clitz* the utterly devastating, fabulous tales of Didi Glitz, socialite extraordinaire. This comic is four years old now but still available! Didi is of a 'certain age', and a swinger. The situations are funny-sad with cartoon sex galore...Jon Lewis has published

The STAND GT

By: Grant Lawrence

Just an hour outside of the frothing, cultural metropolis of Montreal is a wee, Scottish burg on the Ontario-Quebec border. A completely rural farming community, Glengarry, Ontario boasts of two major exports: corn...and Canadian punk rock misfits, the Stand GT. Members of this hick, backwoods, Canadiana band actually live on farms, crop corn (or is that husk!) and go so far as to even practice their melodic form of pop page in a chicken coop!

Though true to their Glengarry roots, Montreal

is Stand GT's gigging homebase and where they first garnered modest attention through two 7" releases on Montreal's En Guard Records. On the strength of those records the band hit the road for a couple of cross Canada tours, even managing to head south to Seattle. It was there where Top Drawer Records fell in lust with the group and quickly offered to put out the Stand GT's first international release.

On their last X-country tour *Disorder* managed to tie down a couple of the rural rock'n'rollers...

Doug had a Gruesomes' haircut.

Who are some of your fave international combos these days?

G: Uncle Tupelo are one of my absolute favourites.

C: We love Bum, Supersuck, Superconductor, Rocket from the Crypt...

But what about your bizarre choice of covers on your 7" singles? Whereas most bands will cover their favourite punk rock songs, you guys have gone and covered a Billy Bragg song and a couple of Pogues songs!

C: Yeah, "Boys From The County Hell" and "If I Should Fall From Grace With God" are both Pogues songs. Glengarry, ON, is almost completely Scottish so we've sort of met our Celtic roots half way.

G: That was the whole point of covering those songs. We took songs that would make whacked-out covers, anybody can cover an MCS song or the Rolling Stones. There's no point in covering a song unless you can make it your own.

How's the Montreal scene these days?

C: Terrible. There's no place to play. The problem with Montreal is that it's very cliquy. You've got our label, En Guard, in one corner, the Doughboys crowd in another, the Asexuals over in another... people would just rather go to discotheques. When the *It Came From Canada* compilations were

right now. And in the summer we can't practice without heavy-duty repellent or we're eaten alive by mosquitoes.

Nardwaz says you, Stand GT, owe it all to David Wisdom. Is that true?

G: Who the hell is David Wisdom?

David Wisdom hosts a show on CBC radio called "Nightlines" (Friday and Saturday, 11 pm-4 am) but here's the story: the editor of *Cryptic Times* magazine, a Sir Cryptic AI, was on "Nightlines" and gave out his address. Through that interview Cryptic AI met a girl through the mail, named Lisa. He later married her and moved to her hometown of Seattle. It was there that Cryptic AI gave a tape of the Stand GT to Seattle's Top Drawer Records, who have now signed you guys. Therefore, as Nardwaz points out, YOU, the Stand GT, owe it all to David Wisdom.

Both: Oooo...Wow! Hooray for the CBC!

C: We were so excited when Top Drawer got in touch with us. I had been sending out tape after tape when all of a sudden a cool label from Seattle writes us and actually wants to do a record! It was great!

Tell me about the huge show you played in Seattle.

G: The Fastbacks and Bum at the Crocodile Cafe! It was cool. It was awesome.

C: It was nuts! It was the biggest show of our lives. When Bum played we were all just standing at the front of the stage going, "Oh my God this is the greatest." And then when the Fastbacks came on we had to stand on chairs to see 'em, it was so packed!

But what about the "star"??

C: Okay, I was standing there and one of the Top Drawer guys goes "Jesus, would ya look at that!"

It was Duff Mc Kagan from Guns and Roses, who, of course, was the Fastbacks' original drummer back in the '70's. The guy had poofy hair with a silk scarf

around his neck, a basic glam-rock get up, and he had this blond bombshell hanging on his arm, too. This guy is one of the biggest rock stars of the world and he's at our gig! I was blown away, even though the guy's a jerk and I hate him.

G: And he got up on stage for the Fastbacks' encore which was amazing history since that's the original lineup of that band.

Hey, go to Seattle and see the stars!

Write to Stand GT for your very own copy of their great rock 'n' roll records:

Stand GT
c/o Chris Page
RR#1
Bainville, ON
K0C 1E0
Canada

Discorder: Who am I talking to?
I'm Chris and I play guitar and attempt vocals...
I'm Glen, I play drums. We're missing Glen, our new bass player, and Doug, our lead guitarist/vocalist.

What's with the new bass player?

C: Unfortunately, the day before we left [on tour] our old bassist phoned us and said he couldn't make it, for reasons unknown. He flipped us all out since he left it to 24 hours before we left.

Needless to say, you're furious at the guy?

G: Extremely, I don't ever want to lay eyes on him again.

C: We don't like to sling shit so we decided we'd keep this, sort of, low-profile but we do have things to get off our chests.

Obviously touring is a huge commitment.

G: 100%. Especially setting it up.

C: That initially crossed my mind was all the kids setting up all-ages shows. It's one thing to cancel a bar show but when it's all-ages show, like a lot of these shows have been, it's we who are really screwing over the promoter. Our credibility would have been nil right across the country.

I first heard of you guys, as the Stand, on the last of the infamous OG Records compilations, *It Came From Canada V*. Why did you add the "GT"?

G: Confusion. Bar bands. There are a lot of bar bands called the Stand. And the GT added a little pop-culture to your name?

C: Exactly. Sort of like the Dinosaur Jr. thing.

Let's talk about your sound. I've heard all sorts of comparisons in describing the Stand GT. Everything from Descendents and Hüsker Dü to power pop and '60s garage.

G: Well, all of our early gigs were with the Gruesomes in Montreal.

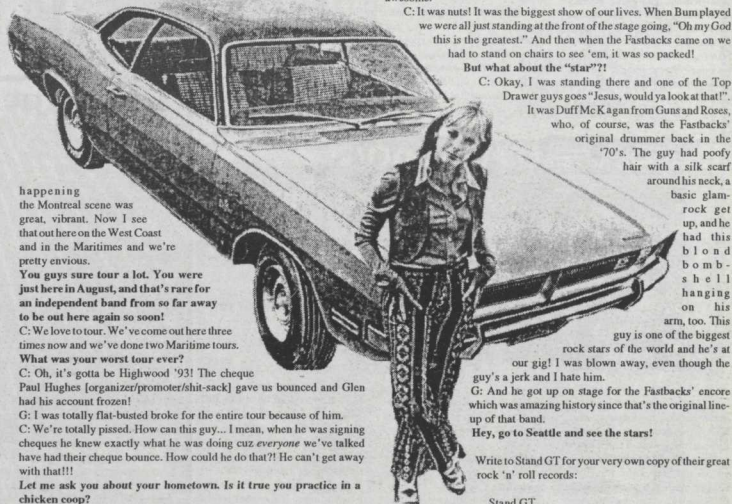
C: They were so nice to us, they helped us out by pointing us in the right direction. We were definitely '60s garage when we started out.

Did you guys do the whole look: the Beatles' mop-tops and black leather vests?

C: We do babbled... I had the haircut.

G: Doug had the vest and he's always had a bowl haircut. In grade one.

8 *Discorder*



happening

the Montreal scene was

great, vibrant. Now I see

that out here on the West Coast

and in the Maritimes we're

pretty envious.

You guys sure tour a lot. You were

just here in August, and that's rare for

an independent band from so far away

to be out here again so soon!

C: We love to tour. We've come out here three

times now and we've done two Maritime tours.

What was your worst tour ever?

C: Oh, it's gotta be Highwood '93! The cheque

Paul Hughes [organizer/promoter/shit-sack] gave us bounced and Glen had his account frozen!

G: I was totally flat-busted broke for the entire tour because of him.

C: We're totally pissed. How can this guy... I mean, when he was signing cheques he knew exactly what he was doing cuz everyone we've talked have had their cheque bounce. How could he do that?! He can't get away with that!!!

Let me ask you about your hometown. Is it true you practice in a chicken coop?

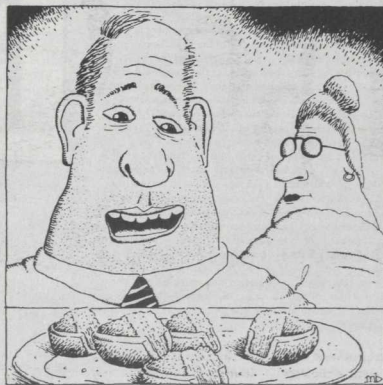
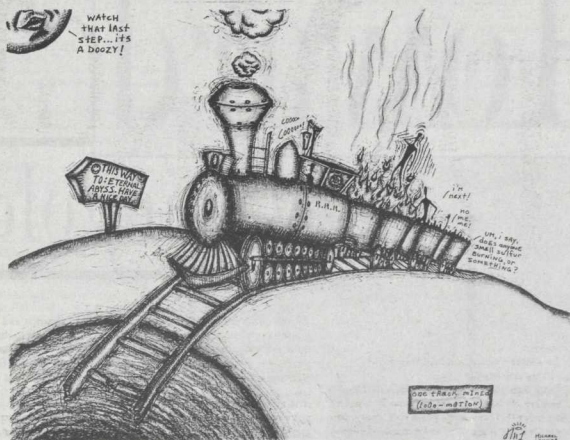
G: Fact.

C: Since 1985 we've been practising in my chicken coop. It's on my parent's farm.

That's very Buddy Holly. Are there chickens in the coop?

C: No, but there are a multitude of beer bottles that are all covered in mould

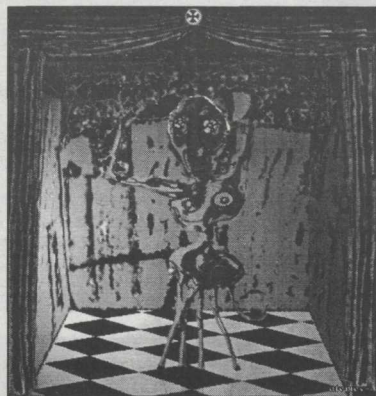
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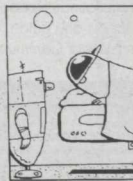
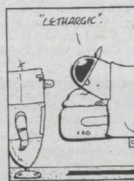
CLINICALLY YOURS,



CÉLINE GOODWIN



THE TERPEST MAN SLASHED AND BURNED UP THE WORLD... NOTHING WAS LEFT FOR US BUT THE CLIP CLOP OF HIS HOOF ON THE LINOLEUM FLOOR. AND HE DANCED ALL NIGHT LONG.



Howard Rheingold's *Virtual Community* is an anthropological excursion into the world of computer mediated communications (CMC). Relaying his own experiences on the San Francisco-based WELL (Whole Earth 'Leotronic Link), author Rheingold describes a phenomenon that is both ironic, considering the de/anti-human(izing) nature of technology, yet welcoming. "There is power in the broadcast paradigm when you can give people access to large bodies of useful information... But the community-building power comes from the living database that the participants create and use together, informally, as they help each other solve problems, one to one and many to many. The web of human relationships that can grow along with the database is where potential for cultural and political change can be found." Rheingold also discusses the origins of our current CMC systems (InterNet, BBSes) and how passivity, derived from our mesmerization with the technology Bill Microsoft and the gang at AT&T are fomenting, will have an irreversible effect on the information available to us, which in turn we may upload to our on-line community. You've seen the ads: Have you ever sent someone a fax from the beach? Have you ever borrowed a book from thousands of miles away? Have you ever tucked your kid in from a phone booth? It's hard not to be a fan of the promised technology. "As commercial organizations—including two of the biggest corporations in the world, IBM and AT&T—take over management of the Net from government institutions, who will gain and who will be denied access? Who will make policy about what users say or do in the Net? Who will arbitrate disagreements about access or on-line behaviors?"

Howard

Rheingold

Parent, editor of *The Whole Earth Catalogue*, journalist and consultant to the Clinton/Gore administration's foray into the fibre optic infrastructure, Rheingold was in Vancouver recently speaking on *Virtual Reality*, but not before communicating, albeit offline, with *Disorder* magazine.

Rheingold: The Virtual Reality business has brought me to all sorts of places around the world over a more extended period to talk about the subject but this has been the most intense and extensive author's tour. It has to do, partially, with the fact that I was smart a couple years ago when I started on this and partially because luck is with me; all of these issues that were really kind of technical issues a couple years ago are now in the forefront. The *Virtual Community* presents a point of view that's quite a bit different from what we're hearing in all the digital superhighway hype that the big companies are putting out and it's different from the national information infrastructure—I wouldn't call it hype-proposals—that the Clinton/Gore administration is putting out. So that alternative voice comes at a good time.

If totalitarian manipulators of population and technologies actually do achieve dominance in the future I predict that it will begin not by secret police kicking in your doors but by allowing you to sell yourself to your television and letting your supermarket sell information about your transactions, while outlawing measures you could use to protect yourself. Instead of just telephone taps the weapons will include computer programs that link bar codes, credit cards, social security numbers, and all the other electronic tell-tales we leave in our paths through the information society. And the most potent weapon will be the laws, or absence of laws, that enable improper uses of information technology to erode what is left of citizens' rights to privacy.

Disorder: With analyses like that aren't you jeopardizing your relationship with the Clinton/Gore administration and big business?

"Hyperrealists see the use of communications technologies as a route to the total replacement of the natural world and the social order with a technically mediated hyper-reality, a 'society of the spectacle' in which we are not even aware that we work all day to earn money to pay for entertainment media that tell us what to desire and which brand to consume and which politician to believe.... To the hyper-realists CMC, like other communications technologies of the past, is doomed to become another powerful conduit for disinformation. While a few people will get better information via high-bandwidth supernetworks, the majority of the population, if history is any guide, are likely to become more precisely befuddled, more exactly manipulated."

- excerpt from *Virtual Community*, by Howard Rheingold

"If a BBS (computer Bulletin Board System) isn't a democratizing technology," claims Rheingold, "there is no such thing. For less than the cost of shopping a BBS turns an ordinary person, anywhere in the world, into a publisher, an eyewitness reporter, an advocate, an organizer, a student or teacher, and potential participant in a worldwide citizen-to-citizen conversation. The technology of personal telecommunications and the rich, diverse BBS culture that

is growing on every continent today were created by citizens, not Domsday weapon designers or corporate researchers...there is no way to stamp out the BBS subcultures unless you shut down the telephone system or go back to the 1970s and un-invent the microprocessor."

Well, I'm way out in left field—not left in terms of left and right politics, but I'm an independent journalist—nobody owns me. I would be happy to consult for a big company but I'm going to tell them about the world as I see it. In fact, that's the value of hiring someone like me. I must add, upon talking with a lot of people about this and trying to see where we could get some kind of deal

between public opinion, the government and big business, that I'm not anti-big business. I think that if you really want to democratize this media so it's not just people who can afford the CompuServe accounts then you have to have the economics of scale that these large companies with their huge infrastructures can bring to this. Unequivocally now, perhaps more so than when I wrote the book, it's clear that government can't provide this. People don't want to pay taxes to support the technology they don't understand even though it might, ultimately, save tens of billions of dollars in health care costs, welfare costs and local government costs. It's just too expensive for people to buy it. I think it has to be privatized. The question is, will we have a diverse system. If I have a bias it's towards diversity. Competition among a large number of providers is healthy and having that large number of people participating in discourse is better than having a few gatekeepers of the mass media managing the discourse. I would like to see some kind of deal where the large companies (the Bell/Atlantic, the TCI, the Time/Warner, the Paramount) can be deregulated to cut them loose to provide this, but regulated to the degree that they are forced to provide a public interest common carrier channel so that you and I and a million other people can put our video BBS, or our little newspaper or our "zine".

Or, you know, there are a jillion garage bands out there who don't have access to the means of music distribution, why not let them go on the Net? If they can find 400, or 4000, or 4,000,000 listeners, fine, let the marketplace place a mechanism that can mediate between a lot of different competing sources. I don't believe that a marketplace is a fair marketplace if it's controlled by a few large interests. I'd like to see the large interests, the medium-sized companies, the mom-and-pop businesses and the small businesses and citizens all have some access to this new media. The technology gives us an enormous abundance of bandwidth. It's not like in 1934 when the FCC was created because of the scarcity of the airwaves. We now have abundance. Let's have competition in that abundant bandwidth.

I think *Disorder*'s audience is one who probably understands that desktop publishing did not put the big newspapers out of business but it did make ten thousand little "zines" on all kinds of fractions, all kinds of subcultures and all kinds of fringe groups. It gave them power to reach their people and form communities. I think that's an example that people in the pop culture world can understand. The independent music scene is now very different from when rock 'n' roll became big business and you had to be discovered by the big boys. Now, being discovered by the big boys is what you have to do if you want to make a billion dollars but there are a lot of bands that are making a decent living because they have communications and access to people. If we could put the music out there, the video out there, the publications out there in a distribution channel, where you could find three people in Singapore and sixteen people in Rio and forty people in Calgary, then you're in business. I think that's exciting. If I have a bias it's towards the wisdom of a regulated democracy. I say regulated democracy because I don't think that turning everything over to the mob is the answer either.

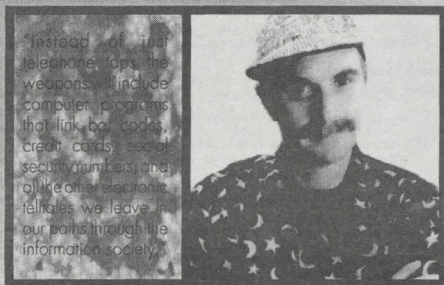
What happens when VR experiences begin to clash with offline moral standards, for instance, Virtual Rape, Virtual Terrorism, Virtual Murder?

In regards to Virtual Reality, I think that we have [to ask] some real ethical and moral questions about allowing people to perform immoral acts that don't have consequences in the electronic world. I have a bias against censorship because I think that rules are something that a small group of people make and a large number of people find ways to get around. Although I think there is a problem with censorship, the problem is less of right or wrong. I think that censorship is wrong. I'm not absolute about it but it's less of right and wrong. It just can't be done effectively unless you're gonna recall all of the computer chips in the world and tap on every phone in the world. Otherwise, how are you going to censor?

If it's uncool to do something then you see a lot less of it. On the Net we do have something that I wouldn't call censorship but is censorship; we have moderated newsgroups. A moderated newsgroup is one where anybody can post but the moderator decides whether it's appropriate or not. The fact of the matter is I've run a moderated newsgroup and nobody sends you offensive material, they look elsewhere. They have one cause, and they want to turn every conversation towards their cause, and that drives people towards moderated newsgroups. I don't think that means that we should eliminate unmoderated newsgroups. If you're willing to stand the noise you can get the raw, unfiltered input of

anybody who wants to put their two cents worth in. The downside of that is that there's a lot of junk out there, there's a lot of noise, and you'll be wasting a lot of your time paying attention to stuff that you don't want to pay attention to.

On the other hand, on the Usenet, you've got the "kill" command. "Okay, this guy is a problem," hit the K-key and you never hear from that person again. If you want to influence people you want them to tell that K-key. If all you want to do is rant and rave then, well, nobody can turn you out. Why prevent people from ranting and raving if we can prevent having to pay



Instead of just telephone taps the weapons will include computer programs that link bot codes, credit cards, social security numbers and all the other electronic ladders we leave in our paths through the information society.

attention to it. I think attention is the most powerful instrument we have and we should use more of it and fewer rules. More norms. If rules are necessary I think they should emerge from a prolonged and uncensored debate because we don't know much about this medium yet. By making rules about it we're going to drive a lot of that force underground.

I particularly enjoyed the *Idea-of-March* forecasting in the latter part of your book? Are you going to be pursuing more of this writing in the next book *The Millennium Whole Earth Catalogue*?

The premise behind the *Whole Earth Catalogue* is that people have lost their trust in large institutions, be it government or the church or the corporations, to solve their problems. But we have powerful tools in the world today. If we make those tools accessible to people they will build better lives for themselves and they will, from the grassroots, have more effect on building a better world than working from the top down. So, in a sense, I am putting into practice what I've talked about in the last chapter of the book, which is to put the tools in the hands of people and trust that we'll build something better because of the diversity. It's certainly true in biological and ecological systems. A diverse system is a flexible and robust one and a monoculture is one that can be manipulated and wiped out very easily.

I must say that I've never been, primarily, a political person—I'm not one who has gone to meetings or joined political parties. The political conclusions that I reach in the book surprised me. When I started to write the book about this wonderful culture that I participated in, and the more I thought, talked, read and interviewed people about where it was all leading, the more I realized that we're at one of those choice points that probably happened generations ago. But people didn't have the media we have now and we have a unique opportunity to spread the word that choices are being made and they're going to affect our future. You don't have to start a left-wing BBS or a right-wing BBS, just start doing your own communicating—take the means of production of information, entertainment, news and the distribution of that information into your own hands and let's see what happens. We've already seen what happens the other way in the age of the mass media, let's try a new experiment...unless we try we'll never know.

When considering what lies in store with megacorporations taking more control of the Nets, I find your statement, "The Net is not only Inter-Net. You could shut down all the hosts on Inter-Net and millions of people would still find ways to exchange e-mail and newsgroups," very comforting.

It is comforting. It's not entirely impossible. We could be forced to get licenses to run BBSes as it said in the book—you had to get a license from the government to run one in Japan until 1985. There could be a new political regime, in any country, tomorrow that would decide that this is dangerous and we're going to listen for digital tones, and if we find you doing it then you go to jail and we fine you. There are a lot of people in the world, myself

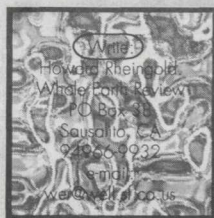
included, that think this business with unfettered gun ownership has gone amok in the US. But the business belief in citizen ownership of guns is that it keeps the government honest. Well, as we're seeing with the fall of communism and political coups all over the world, guns no longer have the power that communications have. The modern is the militia gun of this new revolution. Let's just make sure that no one takes it away from us. As long as we maintain that I think that there's real hope.

In your travels have you found European hackers more overtly political?

I think the politics of most hackers is anarchy...there's a real dilemma there. The system, InterNet, is largely based on trust and destroying that trust is dangerous to the whole system. I don't think it's innocent exploration to ditch somebody's files or bring their computer system down, it's a crime and it should be prosecuted. However, I don't believe that a fourteen-year-old kid, who doesn't know much about the world, ought to be sent to prison, where they can learn to be real criminals, for doing that. I think we need some more creative solutions in regard to sentencing. I also think that law enforcement needs to play by the rules. You're not supposed to be able to break into innocent people's homes and drag them off without having a reasonable cause and a search warrant, you shouldn't be able to do that electronically either. I don't want to see people using the Nets to commit terrorist acts. I don't want to see them using the nets to destroy other people's property. I don't want to see them using the Nets to destroy the Nets. But I don't want to see that freedom destroyed by our fear of those predators. I don't want to come up with some rational solution. I don't pretend to know what that is.

Was AT&T-New York's nine-hour breakdown, a few years back, a ploy to get the Secret Service onboard with the hacker threat?

I think it's very unlikely. I think that if this was caused by hackers we would have seen headlines about it. I wouldn't quote this as the gospel because I can't give you the exact citation but, as I understand it, was caused by a couple of little AT&T code patches to their system. You've got such an enormously complex software system that no matter how much you test it it's got a bug, okay? You fix that bug and it's going to create a "condition," that in some unique circumstance, six months or six years down the line, crashes the whole thing. We're dealing with another matter here. We're dealing with critical systems like hospitals and airports depending on incredibly complex software systems that nobody really understands. If you've got ten million lines of code, by God, you can't predict every possible interaction that might happen. We're living in a world in which we're increasingly vulnerable to the complexity of our own technology. We may be up against a real physical limit in the world. If we make something that's so complex we're going to have to live with crashes. What we need to do is build redundant systems: spend more money, make it less cost-effective, cut into the profits, but make sure that when it goes down you've got another system that could come up.



IS GOD THE FABRI

YOUR BRAIN

"In the beginning was the turn on, the turn on was God. All things were made from the turn on and without her not anything was made."

Dr. Timothy Leary kicked off his Western Canada lecturing tour at the UBC SUB auditorium. No wonder hundreds flocked to hear him speak, his work spans four decades and has powerfully influenced millions of people.

How about Elvis? What about Elvis?

Whether or not you agree with his decidedly left brain theories it can't be denied that he is a highly educated man with some serious secular and esoteric knowledge backing up his unique, inspirational catch phrases.

Listen, I'm so stoned I don't remember what was going on last time at this time, so let's go easy.

Regardless, it wouldn't be far from the truth to suggest that Leary practically spawned the sixty's drug counter-culture (he warned: the word drug freezes people like a "Pavlovian dog to a conditioned reflex," says Leary) and emerged as the closest thing to a therapist that the movement had. The object of phenomenal media attention, his groundbreaking research in terribly taboo fields and the consequent "conversion" of thousands of formerly law-abiding citizens sent the establishment for a loop. They labelled him "the most dangerous man on earth" and have documented his every move since his researches with LSD began.

What about Brian Wilson? Would he be the same today if he hadn't done LSD in the 60's?

I'm a kindly man. I try to say nothing negative about anyone but I've always considered Brian Wilson to be a pathetic moron. It's not his fault. The DNA, you know...we have to have morons out there. I don't think he is a child molester, or anything evil, but his elevator doesn't reach the top floor.

If he's not the most dangerous man at least he's the toughest. He was kidnapped by American agents in Afghanistan, made daring prison escapes at least twice, proved you can be spiritually enlightened and still live in Beverly Hills, and worked with the most progressive, artistic artists and scientists in this century. "I've held my own with the Justice Department, the FBI, the CIA, The Weather Underground, the Al-Fatah in Algiers (they kidnapped him also) and prison guards in twenty-nine prisons on three continents." He was sentenced to thirty years in prison for possessing two cents of marijuana (his bail was set at five million dollars) and was held in solitary confinement for nineteen months. He has received transmissions from the Dog Star Sirius, was married to Uma Thurman's mother, is having a psychedelic experience at all times, has lunched with everyone and lived enough for ten lifetimes.

Do you still have a mindblowing experience once a week?

I'm having one right now, I'll tell you.

Happily, the movement he helped start has gained so much momentum and grown so widespread that it seems to have affected a degree of change in the societal climate. In this balmy clime, his ideas (and all other deviant cosmologies, from Reich to Rollins) are no longer so much of a threat to the status quo.

I've met Frank Sinatra, who is a very suave and courteous... mafioso!

At the ripe age of seventy-four, Leary can now enjoy the fruits of his labour. Before his time in the sixties, he comes into his own in the nineties as "real" researchers discover that there's some truth to chaos theory and this zany marriage of traditional science and ancient mysticism. Today, he collaborates with Al Jourgensen (Ministry), tours with Lollapalooza, and spends his leisure time with

Dave Pirner (Soul Asylum) and god-daughter Winona Ryder. For fun he continues to lecture to people around the globe and prepare humanity for cosmic consciousness. In these troubled times Leary is still a welcome "hope-dealer," a chaos engineer and dissident philosopher. He encourages us to "boot up our divinity," "program our own bio-computer" and, most importantly, to S M P L E (Space migration + Increased Intelligence + Life Extension = the expansion of the human species into all space time). What did humanity do before Timothy Leary?

Everybody knows that every politician is corrupt and is interested in only one thing: themselves. And that there is a global sense of suffering and grief because we hate to lose our ideals. But at the turn of the century a new species will be born. It is going to be born... it is a global language which will be based on Nintendo...

Born in 1920 in Springfield, Massachusetts, Leary's life seemed to start when he was thirty-five. Before that he was a "rootless city dweller, an anonymous institutional employee who drove to work each morning in a long line of commuter cars." A former Army psychologist, he began his world famous experiments with LSD and psilocybin at the Centre for Personality Research, Harvard University.

Nobody knows what acid is. My advice is do not go out and get acid from someone who walks up to you in a bar in a trench coat and says, "Here's some acid." Like anything else that is precious in life, you should know what you're doing. If you're going to share this experience, do it with someone who shares your spiritual ambitions.

As a result, everyone from the newly emerging hippies to clerics and their wives began experimenting with consciousness altering drugs in order to implement a rise in planetary intelligence. Now some may argue that doing drugs is stupid, not smart, but Leary only advocates responsible, ritualistic drug use "a disciplined mystical experience involving withdrawal from social games and interactions." Leary calls these drugs "critical vitamins." As anyone who has taken psychedelic drugs will attest, there are "galaxies within the mind." Take a mind-altering drug and there you are knocking at that archetypal door which opens to worlds visited by millions that have gone before you.

Is Prozac the legal LSD of the '90s?

Where do you get those questions? Do you have committees of monkeys that type them out for you? I'm not an expert on legal drugs. Basically, I don't like legal drugs. Just think of it. If the government legalizes a drug there's got to be something wrong with it. Think about it...alcohol?

Leary spouts age-old principles clothed in a model for this generation. Psychedelics provide a short cut to the "post-terrestrial circuits" only previously accessed by years of Yoga science, or what have you. Instant rapture for the I-want-it-now generation. During the psychedelic experience, Leary believes you "die and are reborn." In the important in-between space, when our "imprinted neurological games" are suspended, we can imprint new games.

Let's go back to Prozac for a moment. I'm fascinated that they are learning more about the brain because the brain is a series of a hundred billion computers. I think it's wonderful that there are those chemicals that are obviously designed by DNA to make the brain react this way. So, although I am not giving product endorsements about Prozac, I think, in general, the idea is good. But, of course, the doctors are now running around and making billions off it. I think any psychoactive, psychodolic,

The only hope is
dope • What did
humanity do before
pizza? • Hell is a bum
trip • I am Dr.
Timothy Leary and
the law does not
apply to me •
Biology is more
woman than man



CATOR



Photographs by Lincoln Clarkes • Fractal imaging by Randy Iwata

psychological drugs should not be sold. It's almost like selling pardons; like the priest you see selling sacraments. I think they should be regulated by society. Certainly young people shouldn't take them but the very idea of selling psychoactive drugs is worse than prostitution, in a sense, and I haven't thought this all the way through...so be gentle with me.

Even beginning to view our daily activities as games is the first step to detaching ourselves from neurosis, fear of failure etc. Leary provides us with a seven dimensional "game model":

1. roles being played;
2. rules tacitly accepted by all players;
3. strategies for winning (or the masochistic winning by losing);
4. goals of the game;
5. language of the game;
6. characteristics of space/time location;
7. characteristic movements in space/time.

Looking at our day-to-day experiences on society as a whole in this manner enables us to make a lateral jump in our thinking that broadens our perceptions and allows us to live more creatively.

Because LSD has the propensity to erase the proverbial chalkboard, in the wrong hands it is potentially the most "potent brainwashing agent in the world." That's why Leary wrote the Two Commandments for the Nuclear age:

1. Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy neighbor without their consent.
2. Thou shalt not prevent thy neighbor from altering their consciousness.

These two commandments were, of course, wholly ignored by government officials. Leary's worst fears were realized when the CIA's irresponsible drug experiments on innocent North Americans severely traumatized the subjects in a horrifying sci-fi mind rape.

Did JFK ever do acid?

I don't know, they say he did.

But you "dropped" with Marilyn Monroe, didn't you?

No comment.

On the positive side, Leary's ethical therapy sessions with his many famous and not-so-famous personal patients, his followers at the Millbrook, Ashram, and volunteers in an extensive prison rehabilitation program met with remarkable success.

I was in the cell next to Manson for one night. Legends have developed about that. No did not give me any drugs. I would not take any drug from anyone who does not have the qualities in their eyes that I want from that drug. So I never took drugs from Manson. This is "Tim's Tips to the Young," okay? Don't take drugs from Manson.

Prose and paradigm theory by Sara Lapsley Intermittent neuron-bursts by Nardwuar the Human Serviette

There were zero psychotic breaks, no suicides, and no negative effects on anyone he treated. People were guided very carefully through the ego-less state which is the mind that Leary describes as "chaos."

What the computer and quantum physics has made clear to us, and what neurology has made clear to us, is that the basic nature of the universe is chaos. Our minds think we can't understand it. Computers can't help us. I think that psychodelic drugs allow you to fine tune. You want crazier? Hey, you want the walls to breathe? The ability to precisely and safely design your own hallucinations and communicate them using the new multimedia stuff is a big breakthrough and that will be the language of the future.

Unfortunately, Leary can't be everywhere and recreational users are left to their own devices. Everyone who has experimented with these drugs can think of at least one time when they have "broken." Try to explain to someone who has never taken acid what it feels like to have a piece of steel inserted inside your face from eye to lip, or to live in a world full of black glass for awhile. Fortunately, we always come back from these states, although sometimes a little worse for wear. These kind of nasty experiences

$I = P + M$; (New intelligence + old intelligence + deliberate program for self change + metaprogramming substance)

are not the norm. Bad trips are the result of:

1. negative mental states at the time of taking the drug;
2. negative surroundings during the drug trip;
3. impurities in the drug (strychnine, tiny rat etc...)

Administering niacin (vitamin B3) seems to be an effective cure for a bum trip. In a positive environment, however, these drugs allow us to literally "design new realities" and show us alternative ways at looking at/experiencing things.

Leary's interest in LSD has been over-emphasized. LSD is simply "a tool for focusing in on and fine-tuning the human nervous system. Each nerve impulse acts as an information bit in our bio-chemical electric computer." Amongst multitudes of other essays and books, Leary wrote *Info-Psychology*, a "manual on the use of the human nervous system according to the instructions of the manufacturers and a navigational guide for piloting the evolution of the individual." Leary encourages us to "study, learn and prepare if you are going to mess with your brain."

Are you the Hugh Hefner of LSD?

Now that is the dumbest question.... Who's got the award? You've got the award! I want to congratulate you. I have been interviewed thousands of times, and I have met the greatest, professional, crazed interviewers, and you are right up there. You're the Joe Montana!

I would like to think that in this day and age you can explore the possibilities of your own mind without the use of drugs. The sum of other peoples' psychodelic endeavours have infiltrated the collective unconscious where, consequently, we all learn from the collective experience. This then manifests on a conscious level as well. Via Jimi Hendrix or virtual reality we can begin to understand, or even have, a psychodelic experience without taking drugs.

Leary subscribes to even more heretical philosophies. Namely, that it is the goal of the human species "to produce a serially imprinting, multi-brained creature that deciphers its own programs and decodes the aging sectors of our DNA (assuring immortality) until it produces a nervous system capable of using itself as an instrument."

"Evolutionary blueprint" is the double helix DNA (programmer) and RNA (the activating principal of DNA), which he believes is a neuro-physical signal sent to us from higher intelligences from elsewhere in the Universe. He claims to have had contact with these ultra-terrestrials who tell him to tell us to neurologically prepare ourselves to meet with our "interstellar parents" with whom we share the galaxy. They tell him, among other things (Starseed transmissions, July 23, 1973), to "assemble the most intelligent, advanced, and courageous of your species equally divided between men and women. Let every religion and race

be represented...come home in glory."

Leary also outlines the eight circuits of the human nervous system — four terrestrial circuits, and four post-terrestrial circuits which are evolving for use in outer space. The first four deal with "Newtonian time, the whole 'square' mentality...producing an 'adjusted' adult with one personality and one system of coordinates...usually conservative and mild (or extremely) paranoid." The latter four deal with quantum time and consciousness, ESP, super-intelligence, out-of-body experience etc.. These circuits can be imprinted by drugs, sensory deprivation, shock or near death experience and advanced Yoga techniques. He has written in detail in many of his books about these circuits and they are worth looking into if you have the time.

He also predicted the invention of the G pill, a "dying enzyme" that simulates the death experience (see: *Brainstorm*, an early-eighties sci-fi starring Christopher Walken). He also predicted an immortality pill, or one that would at least extend life to four or five hundred years. He started, among many others, the LS Society: a group of scientists determined to establish the first space city and achieve immortality in this century. I find these possibilities horrifying: the thought of a five-hundred year old Michael Jackson, Barbara Bush or Brenda is too much bear.

Okay, here's something simple. Do the guys with LSD got the most chicks?

The vulgar sordidness of that question is olympic. Getting chicks? I mean, what does that mean? Getting chicks. That is a very vulgar 50's term. Man, you are out of it! You are really out of it!

Nowadays, Leary talks a lot about chaos, which seems to have some validity. In a nutshell, chaos is "complex events that appear to be random, but which are really organized by some hidden order."

His talk touched on old ideas and new: that language alienates; that the basic function of evolution is the small group; and that the number one cause of dehumanization is the repression of women and children or the gang mentality. He's hip to multimedia artistry and raves. Really, he has so much to say, how can he begin to say it all? As a result, his talk was a little unfocused at times. He'd keep going off on the most endearing tangents and then come back to his main point but not before making a good-natured joke about his senility. He is, without a doubt, the most radiant person I have ever met.

Is G. Gordon Liddy the anti-Timothy Leary?

What is all this bullshit about "anti"? Anti-Christ, anti-God, anti-Devil.... There is no such thing as anti-Timothy Leary. You're betraying a foulid, if not worse, theology here. The anti-Timothy Leary, argh! I'll got him and I'll put him on a fucking cross, and I'll put a sword through his side and I'll make him a crown of thorns, baby. Are you born a Christian?

After the show (despite doctor's orders to rest) he could not be dissuaded from going for burgers and beer with the "kids." The "kids" including a former guru of Leary's from India who did nothing, but still had a publicity) swarmed around him and lined up outside the door, each with a gift, a book for him to sign, or a well thought out question or message. Even if you only have Leary's attention for a split second he looks you right in the eyes and you know that he is genuinely interested in you and what you have to say. He loves everybody and, in return, is blessed with a multitude of friends and followers the world over.

I found it ironic that this man who so fervently believed in and hoped for immortality should finally age, after appearing not to for so long. On the bright side, one gets the sense that he already is immortal and that Timothy Leary is just something of an avatar.

If I sound overly optimistic it's because Leary's enthusiasm is contagious. He says "You don't have to keep repeating the same old misery imprints, you can become immortal and go to the stars... Trust the evolutionary process. It's all going to turn out all right."

Author's note: I'd like to thank Nardwuar the Human Serviette for letting me tag along for the evening and Steve Calvert for lending me his notes.

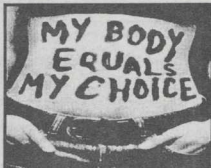
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THE CLASSICAL BEAT

Hello music lovers everywhere, it's almost time for this month's journey into the realm of the local classical music scene. Why almost, you ask yourself? Well, it seems that for reasons of a mysterious and editorial nature (it has to do with the alignment of the moon and Revent's beard, it only happens once every thirty years—LD the copy deadline for this issue of Discover has been moved up a week. Now, ordinarily, this would not constitute much of a problem; but in the true procrastinating fashion of a modern grad student it just so happens that both concerts I was hoping to cover for this month are scheduled in the few days immediately preceding the usual copy deadline. Faced with the terrifying image of trying to fill 2000 words in what I hope is at least a coherent way without a live review, I decided to take the chance on attending what is for me a new venue: the Wednesday Noon Hour concerts, put on at the UBC Recital Hall with the cooperation of the UBC School of Music. As it turns out, this was a wonderful choice and uncovered a really great way for some of you who aren't sure about your opinion of classical music to get a taste of some good music at a real bargain basement price. (If you already know you like classical music, then it's an even better bet!) Besides, what else is there to do with that monotonous 9-hour break you have on Wednesdays between your morning "Literature Inspired By or About Toads" class and your after-

noon seminar on "Life Cycles of the Common Lintball?" Enough levity and on with the review. The Noon-Hour concert series is staged on Wednesdays at the School of Music (that's over by Gate 4 and has the statue of what I think is supposed to be a giant deformed tuning fork out in front). They would be more accurately called the "Just-past Noon Concerts," as the formal starting time is 12:30 with the majority of the audience arriving just slightly late (in other words, being five minutes early would seem to guarantee premium seating). Tickets are available at the office just to the left of the doors to the hall, at the measly price of \$2.00 each (about 1/30 of what you had to pay for the text for your Toad Literature course). For February 2nd, the concert was a performance of Antonin Dvorak's Trio in F Major, Op.90 which is colloquially known as the "Dumky" trio. The performers were Robert Davidovici on violin (you might recognize the name from previous columns, if you had actually read the thing instead of using it to paper-train your new cat, because Mr. Davidovici is the First Violin for the Vancouver Symphony); Eric Wilson on violoncello (another first-time musician, previous member of the Emerson String Quartet and currently a faculty member here at the University of Big Cerebration); and Rena Sharon on piano (also on faculty here, and considered one of the outstanding chamber musicians in the country). The nicely done program which was handed to me as I went into the hall not only outlined the musical achievements of each of the performers but also informed me that "Mr. Davidovici concertizes regularly". (This was of great interest to me, as I was until that moment under the mistaken impression that people writing about musical events were constrained by the accepted rules of vocabulary—this enlightenment makes writing this column much good easier.) Unfortunately the program didn't have even a small biographical sketch of Dvorak, a late 19th-century composer best known for his popular 98th Symphony "From the New World" which is filled with musical themes taken from the simple but catchy folk-songs of his native Czechoslovakia.

The Dumky Trio was written in late 1890, and was one of Dvorak's own favourite works; in fact, when he accepted a two-year post in the United States and wanted to go on a "farewell tour" of Bohemia and Moravia, he chose the Dumky as the centerpiece of some 40 concerts which he performed with Hans Wügan and Ferdinand Lachner. In a departure from the more classical form, the trio is written in six movements, most of which contain segments of at least three different tempos. A slow, majestic opening leads into a second movement in which an exuberant folk-dance theme alternates with slow, lyrical sections allowing for a great blending of the trio's sound. A lively third movement then follows, with a slower march-like fourth movement contrasting the minkily on piano against the rhythmic background of the strings. A more reserved Allegro ensues, and a wild, fre-

netic sixth movement brings the work to a thunderous end which for this performance was almost matched by the applause from a near-capacity audience.

The musicians' timing and balance were impeccable, which was all the more impressive considering the fact that they do not regularly perform together. I would have appreciated having one of the performers give a short introduction to the work, but then I hold the apparently uncommon view that knowing the background behind the composition of a work helps one to enjoy it. Altogether, a really good performance and if it is any representation of the usual Wednesday fare, I highly recommend them to be music lovers out there.

Time now to take a look at what's up and coming for March. The Friends of Chamber Music is presenting the **Beaux Arts Trio** on March 1, in a program which hasn't been announced yet, but given the history of this well-known ensemble it's likely to be good. On the 22nd of the month they will be presenting the **Chamber Players of Lincoln Centre** in the form of a string quartet along with a harp, clarinet, and flute in a varied program featuring works by Beethoven, Saint-Saens, and W. A. Mozart (this popular Clarinet Quintet). With no wide a range, this concert is sure to have something for everyone. Both concerts are at 8:00 at the Vancouver Playhouse.

A somewhat less publicized local musical organization, **Masterpiece Chamber Music**, has a concert aptly entitled "A Baroque Feast" scheduled for March 6. The program includes the Concerto for Flute, Violin, Oboe, and Continuo (that's sort of like alshapichord, in case you were wondering) by Antonio Vivaldi (the same fellow who wrote The Four Seasons; and you like that, right?). Also on the program are The Annunciation Sonata by Heinrich Johann Franz von Biber and The Wedding Cantata by J.S. Bach. There are two performances, at 2:30 and 8:00, both are at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (1895 Venables St.) and tickets will cost you \$15.00 for general admission or \$12.00 student/senior. If you have any questions, you can get in touch with the VECC at 254-9578.

The VSO is presenting Robert Silverman on piano at 8:00 on Saturday the 26th and Monday the 28th in a performance of Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2, along with Paet's Cantus Memoriam Benjamin Britten and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 as part of the Masterworks series. On the 19th and 21st, **Clyde Mitchell** will conduct an all-Gershwin concert including excerpts from Porgy and Bess, the Piano Concerto in F Major, An American in Paris, and his perhaps best-known work Rhapsody in Blue with **Paul Stewart** as piano soloist. Again, both performances at 8:00. On the 3rd, 4th, and 5th, **Vladimir Spivakov** will both conduct and be violin soloist in a concert featuring Schubert's Symphony No. 5, W. A. Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 2, Schmitt's Suite in the Ancient Style, and Haydn's Surprise Symphony (No. 94). With a great program like this and a soloist of Mr. Spivakov's renown I would suggest trying to

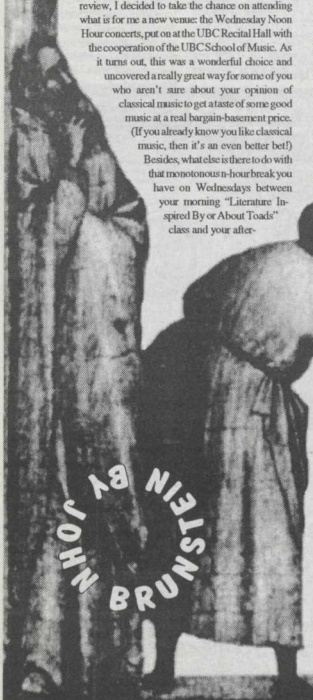
get tickets as soon as possible if you plan on attending; even with three performances they may be in short supply. Oh, and in case you had any doubts, these performances are also at 8:00. Finally, although I previously haven't mentioned any of the Kids' Concerts series performances, the one scheduled for the 13th looks like it might be interesting for audiences of all ages. Conducted by Clyde Mitchell, How the Ginkgo Found Her Song is a musical rendition of a ball and a musician travelling through time and sampling a bit of the music from every age; at a musical stop in Leipzig the audience even gets a chance to take the place of J.S. Bach's school. Sounds like an interesting idea, and might be fun to attend; this one is at 2:00. All of the VSO performances listed here will be at the Opheum.

If you are interested in hearing something of modern classical music, you might be interested in the concert being put on by the Music in the Morning Concert Society on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of the month. **Russell Braun** (baritone) and **Carolyn Maule** (piano) will be performing a song-cycle specifically commissioned for the society from the Canadian composer John Oliver. Tickets are \$16 for general admission and \$13 for students and seniors; the concerts will be held at the Koerner Recital Hall of the Vancouver Academy of Music, 1270 Chestnut Street. Refreshments are available at 10:00 and the performance starts at 10:30; for more information you can call the society at 736-5650.

Two concerts are being featured by the Vancouver Recital Society for this month: on the 6th, internationally acclaimed guitarist **David Russell** will be performing a concert with a program not yet announced at the Vancouver Playhouse. On the 8th, pianist **Murray Perahia** will be performing works by Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin at the Opheum. Of considerable repute, particular for his recordings of works by Mozart and Chopin, Mr. Perahia's concert is likely to be a very popular event even with ticket prices starting at \$17.50 (this is the General Admission price, and while a student price is not listed I assume one is available for a savings of a few dollars). Both of these concerts start at 8:00 with pre-concert talk at 7:15. If you are interested in finding out more, the Recital Society can be reached at 736-6034.

Having been so impressed with the Wednesday Noon-Hour Concert, it would be nice to be able to tell you what is scheduled for performance this month. Unfortunately it appears that the schedule for these is only published a few weeks in advance, so the best I can do is suggest that you try calling the Music Department at 822-5574 between 8:30 and 4:30 on weekdays (I haven't had any luck getting an answer, but maybe you'll do better), look out for the posters around campus announcing the next concert, or just try wandering over there some Wednesday—just is, unless you would rather do some background reading on those fascinating Linlith fair cycles?

That's it for this month, good listening until next time!



PIT PUB



Welcome back to another month of my bullshit!!! First off, let me express how truly excited I am about the extremely audible and visual resurgence the 7" single has made in Vancouver, let alone the rest of the world. Locally and internationally, this format was declared as dead as Victor French by the powers at the controls. Amazingly, the format not only refused to die (like its suffering older brother, the LP) but flourished into one of the coolest collectable ways to release music. Although Vancouver was a bit slow to catch onto this march of

defiance, local bands and labels have been quick to catch up and make their international scratch in the world of 7" vinyl.

One such local label is Scratch Records. For the past few years Scratch has been consistently releasing 7" singles and CDs and has become one of Canada's most original labels just for the sheer diversity of their roster. Their output has increased so much it seems they have at least one new release a month, April '94 is no exception.

Scratch's latest 7" is from Victoria's **Mexican Power Authority**, who have managed

to cram an astounding 14 (!) songs onto the seven inches of black wax. Albeit, the songs only range from about 10 to 30 seconds in length, it's still a pretty awesome achievement. In the 14 songs MPA manage to cover almost all genres of music. Most have a basic punk rock root but often stray into power pop, metal, arena rock, classical, and out-and-out hardcore, all the while surrounded by bizarre noises and instruments. This record is a must-have not just for the instant collectibility but also for the originality that is Mexican Power Authority. (Scratch Records, 317 A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC, V6B 2N4)

Another local independent label is **Wrong Records**, the personal home of NoMeansNo as well as several other related projects and artists. Just releases is a very cool record from Rob Wingro of NoMeansNo in his alter-ego state of **Mr. Wrong**, a one man show of bass and vocals spawned during the recent hiatus of NoMeansNo. The A side's "State of Grace" is a hypnotic, grindingly good song which sounds amazingly rock-accessible for this salty, original punk. And if that wasn't enough of a surprise, the B side is a really great Elvis Presley-style love song called "The End the World!" Careful, this one might just make the meanest of you punks shed a tear. Overall, Rob's voice sounds great, as does his legendary trademark bass

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playing. Snatch this one up quick. (Wrong Records, P.O. Box 3243, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3Y4).

BANG

**MR. WRONG
FIGHTS
THE
SYSTEM**

Yet another band makes it out of Vancouver to sign with a foreign label! This time it's **Strain**, who have made it all the way to Heart First in Germany for their vinyl debut. This is very, very heavy hardcore, verging on metal-durge. Utterly humourous, it's this kind of death-grind that does nothing much more than depress the crap outta me. But, hey, it's out, it's local, and I'm sure fans of their live show will like it cuz this record is produced loud! (Strain, P.O. Box 1457 Station A, Vancouver, BC, V6C 2P7).

I recently had the pleasure of tagging along on cub's west coast tour of the US and managed to pick up some cool finds... imagine a mix of the Ramones and the Misfits, then add a heavy dose of Monkeys and you'll get Sacramento's

Groovie Ghoules. This guy and two gal pals put on an awesome stage show, as I was privy to when I saw them open up for Flop in Sacramento. Both songs on this record, "Hello Hello" and "I Wanna Have Fun," are great representations of the band and are strongly recommended listening for anyone who's into rockin', unpretentious good-times. (Unfortunately, no address).

In Berkeley I just missed the **Delightful Little Nothings** but heard good reports so I bought their EP. The rumours were true, the DLN's are a good indie-beat-pop band more than a lot like Tiger Trap/Havenly. With a sweet-as-shit girl singer, this melodic, catchy stuff is reminiscent of morning sunshine on a hung-over Sunday (Candy Floss Records, 130 Sutter, 5th floor, San Francisco, CA, 94104, USA).

Then there are those who sing about golf, namely **Eddy and the Back Nine**, a group dedicated to (I know, I know)... golf. In real life Eddy is Seattle artist Mr. Edward Fotheringham and the Back Nine are actually Seattle pop-combo Flop. But on this 7" they are golfing '77 punk-style, alcin' out tunes like "Under Ten Handicap" and "Titleist Too." It's fun to hear Flop a lot looser and less serious than on their LPs, especially when it's with a guy who is screaming and swearing about golf (just like

most golfers - ed). The sleeve is also hilarious, featuring the group, on location, playing golf! In fact, the whole concept makes this band second only to the Hanson Brothers in that rare genre of sports/punk crossover. (Super Electro, P.O. Box 16606, Seattle, WA, 98116, USA).

Now let's get negative. **Grenadine** are a supposed "super-group" featuring members of Unrest and Tsunami (or is it Salami? I forget...). It's a two-song plodder, co-released by Simple Machines and Teen Beat, that is, simply, totally fucking boring: acousticy, soft perfect-pot that, at this time of night, makes the gin wanna come to the wrong end! (What end is that, *Gren? ed.*) Never forget, folks, I wanna rock, always, and people like Jonathan Richman prove that you can indeed harmlessly rock that out on an acoustic at low volume. Grenadine, therefore, are shit! (Simple Machines/Teenbeat, P.O. Box 10290, Arlington, VA, 22210, USA).

The next review is courtesy of CTR's Greg Gurtick (who loves to see his name in print and enjoys the act of pissing in the BC Hydro Building fountain). He loaned me this available-through-mailorder-only **Supercrush Precision Auto, Parts 2 and 3**. Whoa, weird record. Side one starts off with spacey UFO bleeps then bursts into a two minute punk pounder (*Part 1*) to abruptly segue into the extraterrestrial bleeps again. Side two is a

continuation of side one, where the same song (*Part 2*) emerges once again from the murky noise. A strange and extremely collectible record, too bad I have to give it back to Greg. Oh well, maybe he'll forget about it. (Merge).



Well, two-thirds of the way into the column and I have yet to review any records from Canada outside of Vancouver. They do exist and although this next one may be a little late it's certainly worth reviewing. Montreal's **En Guard** Records released a 4 song 7" Christmas compilation

entitled **Merry Golddamned Christmas** featuring **The Ripcordz** (Montreal), **Down** (Charlottetown), **Stand GT** (Gleagary, Ont.), and the **Naked and the Dead** (Edmonton). The Ripcordz' melodic pop-punker is one of the best tunes I've ever heard out of them; Down's amazing mod power-pop sound caught me completely by surprise; and Stand GT's vocals were audible for once, and that's

great cuz this band rules and they all too often bury some fine singing. Bum look out! Finally, proving once again that pop is growing in leaps and bounds Canada-wide, the Naked and the Dead bring in the last of four cool, catchy Canadian rock 'n' roll songs. (En Guard, 1671 St. Hubert, Montreal, PQ, H2L 3Z1).

Due to the population difference and their obsession with pumping out volume, one can always find some American rock 'n' roll when something like Stand GT or Down ain't around. Take, for instance, New York's **A-Bones**, who throughout the last year have been constantly spewing out hit single after hit single. One of their latest, "Get Home Girl" b/w "Guess I'm Falling in Love" (a Velvet Underground song), is right up their with the best of 'em. It's just another awesome A-Bones single, that's all. Good luck finding it (Bedrock Records, Flat One, 347 Queenstown Rd., Batska, London, SW8 4LH, UK).

Little brothers to the hierarchy of the A-bones is Hoboken's **Swingin' Neckbreakers**. I slugged their first single in this column but they have since grown up a lot as a band and dramatically improved in the process. This is best documented on their fantastic LP *Live for Buzz*, released last year. This single is more of the same three chord

garage rock 'n' roll with an original "Workin' and Jokin'" on the A side and a great cover of "Good Good Lovin'" on the flip. (Estrus, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227, USA).

Another band from the New York area is the long-running **Rauch Hands**, who for years have put out records on the amazing Crypt label of Germany. This double 7", *Million Dollar Movie*, is one of my first tastes of the Rauch Hands and I'm about ready to barf. Expecting stiff like the Devil Dogs and the Blues Explosion. I was rudely awakened to half-baked roots rock that neither impressed nor pleased my delicate ears. The vocals are mostly spoken, sexist bullshit over top of a wiry, right-sounding bar band. It's too bad cuz Crypt rarely does 7" and usually has impeccable taste. (Crypt, Hopfenst 32, 2000 Hamburg 36, Germany).

Philadelphia's all-girl band the **Friggs** are back at it with a brilliant four song 10" parody of *Cream* magazine entitled *America's Only Rock 'n' Roll Magazine Parody 10" EP*. Though they could have reduced that mouthful, this is a pretty hot piece of rock 'n' roll action. It rocks both on the sleeve and in the grooves, fitting perfectly in step with the label, the ever-impressive Sympathy for the Record Industry. Get this and these at your local record emporium, today. Aye aye, and goodbye.

THE SMUGGLERS
PARTY...PARTY...PARTY...
POOPER! 7" EP!

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Collect all FOUR covers!!

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David!

Nick! 'n' Beez!

Grant!

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see kid champion with the mommyheads on monday february 28th at notorious niteclub!

"I said 'n' on..."

"Okey..."

The Mint
Is Still A
Terrible
Thing To
Taste CD-EP!

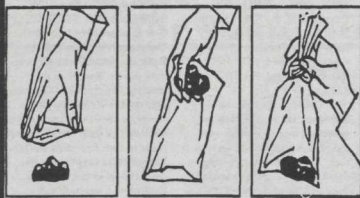
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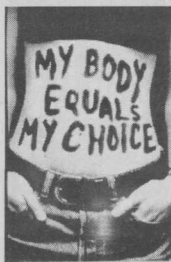
Close bag with a knot and put in the garbage

VANCOUVER SPECIAL

INDEPENDENT REVIEWS

Rock For Choice compilation

My Body Equals My Choice
What a great idea, a Rock For Choice benefit tape to correspond with the R.F.C. benefit show. The three bands that played the show, **Kreviss**, **Tickletrunk** and **Sparkmarker**, all appear as well as **Ten Days Late**, **Fracas**, **Vinaigrettes**, **Insult to Injury**, **cubandpluto**. Comes with some info on the B.C. Coalition for Abortion Clinics and the Everywoman's Health Centre. A great mix of Vancouver and Victoria talent with the proceeds going to a good cause. Go on, buy it now!



Insult to Injury

As We Live Our Lies demo
Fourteen songs of great punk/hardcore with a cool lyric book-let and...well, it's just cool, dammit. Real sincere with the do-it-yourself approach and a lot of personality. The singer sort of reminds me of Kathleen Hanna from Bikini Kill but the music is much more hardcore and the comparison ends there; sometimes, however, the vocals are real soft and pretty and then turn into a screaming scream. A lot of fun and humour thrown in with a great

array of politically aware lyrics. Support the independent scene. (P.O. Box 21533 1850 Commercial Dr. Vancouver, B.C. V5N 4A0 Canada)

Catfish

Neighbours And Dogs
Listening to *Neighbours And Dogs* brings to mind a more rock and roll Soundgarden...maybe it's the Led Zeppelin that trickles in. Knowing that this is what a lot of bands are sounding like nowadays, it's hard to hear anything that separates them apart. If you go to the Lunatic Fringe you might like this. (c/o Gordon Park P.O. Box 37004 Vancouver, B.C. V5P 4W7 Canada)

Smak demo

Rock, jazz, blues, funk fusion with quirky sounds and silly lyrics. I think this is what Primus sounds like. The only grounds I have for comparison is that I just can't get into it, I don't know why. I was more interested in the cover art and wondering why a Coast 1040 logo was on it? (#1 = #703 - 1250 Bute St. Vancouver, B.C. V6E 1Y9 Canada)

FANZINES

There has been a downturn of fanzines in the last little while and as there is little space to work within, I'll review a couple that caught my attention and list the others in a less detailed format:

Aim Your Dick #2

(8 1/2 x 11; 40 pgs)
P.O. Box 4655, Berkeley, CA 94704-0655, U.S.A.

Alterazone #3

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 24 pgs)
222 Mc Caul St., Toronto, Ont. M5T 1W5, Canada

BUNYON #4

(8 1/2 x 11; 32 pgs; \$2)
Special "high-school nostalgia" issue! Handwritten scribbles of life and how not to live it. A bunch of comics too! There might be a bit of inside humour but enough common humour to make

you smile or say "what the fuck?" (c/o Robert Dayton, 317A Cambie St., Vancouver, B.C. V6B 2N4, Canada)

C.U.M. #6

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 20 pgs; \$1)
It's been a while but another issue of that piss-everybody issue of 'zine is out. Interesting letter from Havoc and interviews with Nardwuar the Human Serviette and the Melvins. Home Cooking with Mike is highly recommended. For some reason I feel that this may be the last issue...maybe not. (2961 Pasture Circle, Coquitlam, B.C. V3C 2C3, Canada)

Exploitation Retrospect #38

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; \$2 ppd.)
Any 'zine with 38 issues deserves some praise! (P.O. Box 1155, Haddon Field, NJ 08033 -0708, U.S.A.)

FLUSH 3



Flash #2 & #3

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 24 pgs; \$1)
Getting better with each issue, *Flash* sure are pumping them out. They complain about not getting any letters, so write them. If you live in N. Van then get involved, they seek contributions. My pick of the month. (P.O. Box 37536, 1520 Lonsdale Ave., North Vancouver, B.C. V7M 3L7, Canada)



Glamorous Glue #3

(8 1/2 x 11; 32 pgs; \$4 ppd.)
Suede, Suede, Suede. If you like the band you'll love the 'zine. I have a real soft spot for this 'zine. Really dedicated and sincere, and quite different from anything else. I'd love to get my photo in *Glamorous Glue* — I want to be adored!

(P.O. Box 41023, 2529 Shaughnessy St., Port Coquitlam, B.C. V3C 3G1, Canada)

Hectic Times #6

(8 1/2 x 11; 48 pgs; \$2)
P.O. Box 2652, Santa Cruz, CA 95063, U.S.A.

Huge Dead Animal #1

(8 1/2 x 11; 22 pgs)
A potluck of different ideas as put out by one who goes under the alias of "Puppy." Sort of a feminist view on animal rights, veganism, sexual harassment, the "scene," straight edge and herbal medicine. It might sound like it's all preachy but it's okay, it has a lot of personality and sincerity. Very informative. (#618-620 View St., Victoria, B.C. V8W 1S6, Canada)

In Hell's Belly #1

(8 1/2 x 11; 36 pgs; Free, if you can find it.)

A great first issue. Interesting layouts that catch your eye and guide you through articles on tattooing, body piercing, branding, technocracy, hemp, sexuality and much more. Interesting articles on many untouched topics with a good in-depth view. I can see this 'zine only getting better. Lots of local spotlight on various activities and businesses. A good read. (5809 Main St., Vancouver, B.C. V5W 2T1, Canada)

Panzy #1(7)

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 12 pgs; Free, if you can find it.)
Poetry and writings and a couple of reviews. (P.O. Box 33014, West Vancouver, B.C. V7W 4W7, Canada)

Pop Gazer #2

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 52 pgs; \$2)
I really enjoyed this 'zine. It touches not only on music but clothes, television and other North American youth culture-type stuff. Maybe that's a bit odd but I can relate and found it entertaining and fun. An interview with local Daisy Glaze (who I've never heard of until now) and a lot of satire towards the popular music culture known as grunge. Fun to read. (P.O. Box 78550, University Postal Outlet, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2E7, Canada)



Raw Energy Report #1
(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 12 pgs; Free)
372 Richmond St. West, Suite #212, Toronto, Ont. M5V 1X6, Canada

Virtual Unreality #1
(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 28 pgs; \$1.50 ppd.)
#5-1255 East 15th Ave.; Vancouver, B.C. V5T 2S7, Canada

Volare #1

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 32 pgs)
Reviews and opinions from a very opinionated person. (Box 24, 2147 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, B.C. V5N 4B3, Canada)

ALL AGES SHOWS

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UNDER REVIEW

MADNESS *The Business* (Virgin)

These seven lads from London always made me smile. Perhaps it was because even in their most serious songs they never really took themselves too seriously. Even so, the Doc Marten-ed yobbo's managed to whip up some great ska stompers like "Night Boat to Cairo" and "House of Fun" that still stand the test of time. *The Business* is a three CD box set that stands as Madness' best of their "Best of" records. It includes a nifty, 52 page booklet that spans the nutty boys' career from 1979 to 1986, and their subsequent reunions which act as a sign that the nutty train will continue to roll on. Amongst all the standard hits there are some gems here, like the Italian version of "One Step Beyond," their take on "Swan Lake," and the ska-kazoo version of "God Save the Queen."

Spinked in some interview bits with Madness rudies, fans, relatives, and management people that provide some stories and a bit of background info into the evolution of the band. Unfortunately, some of these interviews aren't very well recorded but this is the only bad part of *The Business*. Clocking in at only ten minutes shy of FOUR hours this is perhaps the only Madness compilation you'll ever need, should you want one to begin with.

A. O. Chapman

BABE THE BLUE OX *Je m'Appelle Babe* (Homestead Records)

According to legend, Paul Bunyan, the gargantuan tree-slayer of American folklore, had a pet ox named Babe. Babe wasn't just an ordinary ox, though. Babe was a special Ox; Babe *sang* Babe. And when Babe—the Blue Ox—roamed the woods with Paul Bunyan, Babe used to sing songs... In even though Babe was sang musicians with whom to jam (assuming Paul couldn't carry a tune on his axe), it's highly

unlikely that Babe sounded anything like the band who chose this coloured cow-thing as their namesake. Actually, it's damned near impossible that anybody sounds like the band, Babe the Blue Ox. This trio is definitely one-of-a-kind.

Blending psychedelic bass lines with tribally-percussive guitar rhythms and a drum inspired by Dante, *Je m'Appelle Babe* is an awe-inspiring display of this band's complete disregard for conventional musicality; their's is a musical emancipation. Seemingly a musical of enigmatic songwriting, the six tracks on this album are like a lunatic's digitally mastered stream-of-consciousness: instruments fade in and out of a dream; time signatures change almost randomly; soundscapes ebb and flow; through guitar interwines with virtuosic bass lines screaming of a childhood tormented by piano lessons; an Ox, tripping on acid, sings; Paul Bunyan screams...

Simply, as soon as you buy it, put it in, turn it on and turn it up, you're going to be assaulted and invited into the minds of three very talented musicians who will send your mind every which way but backwards. It's hard to figure out exactly what they're saying but they say it very well, very loud, and with more style than a rock band from Brooklyn would ever be expected to have. This CD, a follow-up to their debut release *Bx*, shows Tim Thomas, Rose Thompson and Hanna Fox to be incapable of playing anything that would ever be heard on top 40 radio. This is good. Very, very good.

Jeff Haas

HATER *Hater* (A&M)

Best thing I've heard outta Seattle in two years. Not even a whiff of grunge to be found. Pavement meets the Yardbirds.

Sean Harvey

KOKO TAYLOR

Force of Nature (Alligator/WEA)

Force of Nature, the latest release from the Queen of the Blues, is primarily a collection of tributes to her friends and colleagues, with three original tunes by the first lady herself. The two tracks which stand out the most on this recording are "Born Under a Bad Sign" and "Hound Dog," the latter being the Elvis Presley hit but done "Koko Taylor's way"—slowing it down and making it a bit more bluesy is the more improvement over the more familiar version. "Born Under a Bad Sign" hears Taylor teaming up with acclaimed bluesman Buddy Guy for a gutsy rendition of this blues classic in tribute to her friend, the late Albert King. The rest of the recordings range from good but uninspired blues to some outright boring songs. However, the redeeming factor for me is Koko Taylor's raunchy, raucous, rather-rattling voice.

My last gripe is one of personal taste. I don't like to hear the extensive use of horns in blues music, but if you're a fan of that style then you'll probably love *Force of Nature*.

Robin Beech

ENIGMA *The Cross of Changes* (Virgin)

Owing it all to their original album, *MCMXCAD* and a hit called "Sadness," replete with Gregorian Chants and a drum machine, everyone is, undoubtedly, familiar with Enigma's *MCMXCAD* had a similar feel and, if not brilliant or clever, it had a haunting and attractive feel to it that ranked it as one of the more enjoyable albums of recent years in my books. The new album, *The Cross of Changes*, begins with a promise of an even better album, as it stayed true to the spirit of the first album and expands the scope of the Enigma project—the second track, "The Eyes of Truth," is one of the most beautiful pieces of music I've ever heard. Gregorian chants had largely been replaced by a South Asian feel and the music was epic, to say the least.

And then something terrible happened.

The remainder of the album, with the exception of "Carly's Song" (featured in the film *Silver*), is a superchase collection of mid-eighties pop-guitar links.

"Carly" Michael Cretu, the brains



behind Enigma, must have really flipped out on this one. The new sounds he incorporated on the album, notably the native American and Indian sounds, could have sent Enigma in a wonderful direction but, instead, stick them with tacky love ballads. Guitars which could have lain the foundations to powerful new solos are wasted in Bon Jovi solos. I wince at the tragedy.

Simply, I didn't just dislike this album, I am saddened by it. The promise of masterpiece dashed by a completely unnecessary exploration into bad pop. If you can find an EP of "Eyes of Truth" you are spending your money in a far wiser fashion. If you are looking for that haunting epic feel with a drum machine, look for Lesion or Will and not this sordid crap. Maybe I just don't get it, but I wouldn't want to know anyone who enjoyed the bulk of this album.

Gustav



ZIPGUN *Baltimore* (eMPty Records)

Baltimore adds a distinct sound to the world of punk-pop, delivering a fresh and innovative Northwestern perspective to the already solid foothold established with *Zipgun's* first release, *Track Player*. Zipgun features members from The Derelicts (Neil Rogers on guitar) and Final Warning (Dan Cunneen on drums), paving the way with the wah-punk guitar and thumping drumbeat. From the sound of things, Mark Wooten and Robbe Clark (bass and vocals, respectively) have been drinkin' a little too much coffee (it's a northwest thing) 'cause every track comes jumping out just like the boys are playing in the living room!

Named after their last tour, which was cut short by a week due to theft, *Baltimore* adds 9 new songs to their repertoire. But the real clincher is the organ solos on "I Can't Wait" (with thanks to Tom Price of Gas Huffer fame).

Skyler

THE LEVELLERS *The Levellers* (Elektra/China)

I was really to write this album off as a carbon-copy sophomore effort that broke no musical ground, allow me to correct myself. This is actually a heavier, louder album than the Levellers'

first and most certainly comes closer to capturing the band's exhilarating energy released in their live performance. The title of the first track, "Warning," is an understatement. It serves, somewhat, as the album's calm-before-the-storm as it strikes hard on the second track, "100 Years of Solitude." The barrage of guitars and drums clashing against each other transforms itself into a raucous symphony of calculated noise.

The word of which the Levellers sing about is the industrial wasteland of London, and that world hasn't sounded darker or more pathetic—suitable to be spoken by the twisted artist of the recent film *Naked*. It's the blue-collar existence that the Levellers have taken cause to explore. Where home is the rat infested alleyway, reeking of putrid sewer water spouting out from the broken drainage that the rich politicians always promise to improve. There's no love lost between the band and the politicians as the lead singer intones about the bitter reality that "there's a law for the rich, and a law for the poor" with cynical restraint on "Dirty Davey."

On this album, however, the Levellers are not the rebel band with a cause. Rather, they are observers narrating the plight of their fellow countrymen. The songs are laden with the passion and intensity felt by the folk they sing of and *not* for them.

Paolo "Westerberg"



Javier

PIGEONHED *Pigeonhed* (Sub Pop)

Featuring Kim Thayil of Soundgarden on occasional guitars, Pigeonhed sounds like a bad combination of Talk Talk and recent Peter Gabriel. There are a couple of interesting sound effects but most of the songs are uninspired and drawn-out. But worst of all, Pigeonhed presents falsetto vocals, directionless bass synthesizers and sparse keyboard accompaniment. At their best ("Salome"), they adequately integrate abstract sounds from a variety of psychedelic moods. Overall, this CD doesn't have much to offer.

Ted Koppman

PRISONSHAKE *The Roaring Third* (Shake Records)

Prisonshake tends to play straightforward, noisy rock that

reminds me a lot of The Saints. Both bands could pump out a few really great raw and wild songs ("Johanna," "Ron Kinda World") and a lot of less distinguishable fuzzed out tunes that just kind of passed you by, like the 2:45 AM bus as it pulls out of the loop. *The Roaring Third* was much of what I expected, at first—a lot of mundane buzzing with a few genuine musical high-points—but after repeated listenings grew on me and I was able to hop on that bus and get home.

Tom Milne



THE HARVESTERS *The Edge of Suitability* (Infinity 00)

Bluesy-rock background music which reminds you that life is a solo mission. It's not usually my type of stuff but *The Edge of Suitability* is cool enough as it breaks from the noise of the city, and the clash of feedback and distortion. If your musical taste is diverse enough for mellow grooving you might check it out.

Caution Forest

VARIOUS ARTISTS *San Francisco House* *Culture: Phase One* (Ultra-Ethical Records)

Ultra-Ethical Records has put out an ultra-funky slab of tunes. This nine-track compilation of three bands doing three pieces each, as with any compilation, has its weak and strong points. The opening groove is quite catchy on the first listen but, afterwards, becomes bit of an overworked bore. In fact, almost all of the opening six tracks sound like variations on a single, monotonous theme. I suppose that is inherent in the style itself that this should happen. The last three tracks show a bit more creativity, however. They still revolve around a thumping and repetitive bass line but that is to view that negatively, then if there is more of a comment on house music itself than anything else. Track seven is a super slick, ultra-involving tune which I like more every time I hear it.

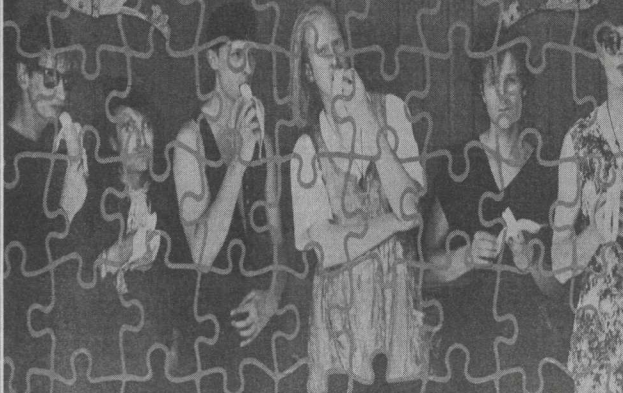
Overall this CD is not that bad. It's perfect to slap on while doing something else besides listening. The repetitive nature of the music makes it not all that intrusive and it does build momentum as it goes. Hey, it got my dad to move his feet and he's a Hank Snow fan. Can't be all that bad, now can it?

Chris Erickson

Polygram Recording Artists From England

james

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Sunday March 13

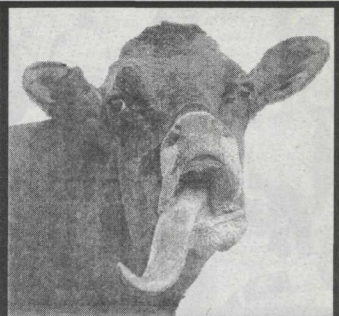
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REAL LIVE ACTION

Dick Dale & the Deltones
The Falcons
The Surfdusters
Commodore Ballroom
Thursday, February 3

Instru-mania hit the Commodore with the return of the legendary Dick Dale. One of my favourite local bands, The Falcons, kicked things off. Their blend of traditional surf and tex-mex styles is at the same time technically precise and incredibly catchy. They whipped off a set of mostly originals, some of which are coming out on a CD soon, and slipped in "Pipeline" and a Link Wray tune as a bonus. Do not miss these guys' next show!

The Surfdusters were next, a five-piece which included an organ. Their style was different from the Falcons, with the 'Dusters possessing a busier, rawer style. They covered a Savage Republic tune, which was cool, but overall they suffered from a mix that had too much high end. They also handed out some free cassettes and copies of "Live Wire," a cool 'zine about instru-rock put out by members of both the Falcons and the Surfdusters.

One thing I like about this style of rock is the prominent use of vintage gear on stage. In fact between the sets the front of the stage was crammed with teardrops, myself included, craning their necks to glimpse the legendary amps and guitars. I almost slipped on my own drool.

What can I say about Dick Dale? This guy—a veteran of the Frankie and Annette movies, whose career is resurging incredibly after the blistering Tribal Thunder CD last year—came on and literally blew our minds! Half the crowd was fugging uncontrollably, and the other half just stood there, awestruck. I assume many of the people there were also in attendance last time, and Dale said that people were following him from show to show, christening them "Dickheads." He performed the fastest string change I'd ever seen and it was during a song to boot! He also did a cool drum solo around the drummer during "Bo Diddley" which had to be seen to be believed. If

you missed the show, you missed out bigtime. Next time, become a Dickhead.
Molo

Reveen the Impossiblist
Queen Elizabeth Theatre
Wednesday, February 16

I wanted to go, find out that the man is a scam, a fraud, a circus sideshow freak, someone you would pay a dollar to see in a smelly old tent next to the fetal cow with two heads. "Step right up ladies and gentlemen, see the fetal cow with two heads and for an extra ticket, catch circus sideshow freak, Reveen, the Australian boy-NO-tist. Watch Reveen make his family cluck like ducks while his hair never moves... step right up..."

Well, I was disappointed, but not in Reveen: the man is amazing! I will never laugh at his hokey commercials again. I had so many great one liners ready to fire off, and now I can't use them, or at least not until Jello Biafra comes back again.

Reveen is pure entertainment. I haven't laughed so hard since that *Simpsons* episode where Sideshow Bob had the unfortunate, much repeated accident with the rakes. Reveen knows how to work a crowd, even if his clothing, hair, and social attitudes are frozen in time somewhere around the year of Elvis' alleged death. Beginning with a light show that would make Thomas Edison proud of his invention (not to mention whoever invented the disco ball), Reveen did things that were fun and imaginative, yet weren't stupid or embarrassing, unless, of course, you were the woman prancing around on stage thinking you were a spy, or were *Disorder's* own Rosanne, delivering baby after baby after baby because all the other doctors were away for the day (I believe the line was "there are no other doctors and the babies just keep coming!"). This whole magazine could be filled with incidents of what Reveen was able to entice volunteers to do (for example, I never knew Vancouver had such a large number of Olympic quality ice dancers), but instead, you just really need to



CHAR-TS

MARCH 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 CUB	BETH-COLA	MINT
2 ARCHERS OF LOAF	KICKY METTLE	ALIAS
3 POP ROCKS	UNDER THE INFLUENCE	C/Z
4 ERIC'S TRIP	LOVE TABA	SUB POP
5 PJ HARVEY	FOUR TRACK DEMOS	ISLAND
6 MECCA NORMAL	FLOOD PLAIN	K RECORDS
7 BIKINI KILL	PUSSY WHIPPED	KILL ROCK STARS
8 FACEPULLER	AUDITORY SURGICAL TECHNICIANS	BANG ON
9 RAMONES	ACID EATERS	RADIOACTIVE
10 VARIOUS ARTISTS	VOLUME EIGHT	VOLUME
11 LOOT	STRUMMET	K RECORDS
12 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPPI	ALL SYSTEMS GO	HEADHUNTER
13 SUBSONICS	GOOD VIOLENCE	WORMYBIRD
14 SMUT	BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS	SPANISH FLY
15 TRIP TRAP	SOUL GRASS	CARGO
16 THE MANY	LEECH	EX 69
17 MATERIAL	HALLUCINATION ENGINE	AXIOM
18 NEW BOMB TURKS	DRUNK ON COCK	CARGO
19 REDD KROSS	PHASHERTER	THIS WAY UP
20 UNCLE TUPULO	ANYONE	SIRE
21 YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	PORLIMA
22 THE LEVELLERS	THE LEVELLERS	CHINA
23 SCRAWL	VELVET HAMMER	SIMPLE MACHINES
24 CRUNT	CRUNT	TRANCE
25 MEDICINE	THE BURIED LIFE	AMERICAN
26 AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE	IN PURSUIT OF SHASHANEA LAND	ON-U SOUND
27 LES THUGS	AS HAPPY AS POSSIBLE	POP POP
28 JAWBOX	FOR YOUR OWN SPECIAL SWEETHEART	ATLANTIC
29 SHOCK DOGGY DOG	DOGGYSTYLE	DEATH ROW
30 TEENAGE FANCLUB	THIRTEEN	GEFFEN
31 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TEENBEAT FIFTI	MATADOR

know this: Reeven is one of the very last of a dying breed of entertainers. He seems to really enjoy what he is doing and does not have malicious intentions nor does he deliberately try to embarrass people. On the contrary, he goes out of his way to ensure that nothing too horrible happens to any of his volunteers while giving the audience more entertainment than they could get from nearly anything else. It has been three days since I saw him and I think I've acted out nearly the whole show for anyone who has dared to come within ten feet of me. After the performance, Reeven graciously meets with all who want an autograph. It is a small feat, after a three hour plus performance, to sign your name for hordes of literally mesmerized fans for over an hour. I went as skeptical as anyone could and walked away with two programs and a Reeven CD, all of which I made sure to get autographed after the show. The sad thing about it all is that Reeven now spends most of

the year in Las Vegas, performing at one of the hotels there. I was never going to go back to that hellhole of a meateating, vegetarian-dinner-less city again, but I may just have to pack a lunch or two and head to Vegas to catch the man they call Reeven. And this time, I'm volunteering.

Archers of Loaf Blaise Pascal Thursday, February 17 Starfish Room

Having seen Blaise Pascal for the first time on the 14th at the Commodore opening for Therapy? (well, they did steal the show from Swervedriver) I was somewhat disappointed by their performance on this night. Unfortunately, a lackluster, shoe-gazing stage performance combined with a horrible mix of vocals and noise, while better organized than the previous show, didn't leave a good impression with me. Somehow I

32 HUGGY BEAR	TAKING THE ROUGH WITH THE... KILL ROCK STARS
33 SNU	SOMETHING GREEN AND LEAFY... EPIPHANY
34 VARIOUS ARTISTS	ROCK FOR CHOICE... IN DEPENDENT
35 HALF JAPANESE	FIRE IN THE SKY... SAFE HOUSE
36 SLOWDIVE	SOULVANI... SRK
37 K.D. LANG	EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES... WARNER
38 ZIPGUN	BALTIMORE... EMPTY
39 SHAQUILLE O'NEAL	SHAD DIESEL... JIVE
40 SHONEN KNIFE	ROCK ANIMALS... VIRGIN
41 VARIOUS ARTISTS	SYNTHESIA... DESOLATION
42 LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND	A TASTE OF PRISON... TOUCH AND GO
43 RASCALZ	REALLY DOWN... CALABASH
44 HASSAN HARMOUNI	TRANCE... DEADWORLD
45 YO LA TENGO	PAINFUL... MATADOR
46 SEPULTURA	CHAOS A.D... EPIC
47 SINISTER SIX	OUTTA SIGHT... EMPTY
48 REVOLTING COCKS	LINGER TICKEN GOOD... SIRE
49 ST JOHNNY	SPEED IS DREAMING... GEFFEN
50 GREEN DAY	DOOKIE... REPRISE

MARCH 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 SWERVEDRIVER	LAST TRAIN TO SATANVILLE EP	A & M
2 LALE	EMMA 7"	DERIVATIVE
3 MARY LOU LOUD	SOME JINGLE JANGLE MORNING 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
4 HEAVENLY	P.J. N.K. GIRL EP	K
5 THE EVAPORATORS	IM GOING TO FRANCE 7"	NORDWARR
6 RUM/THIE SAUGGLERS	TATTOO DAVE	TOP DRAWER
7 THE RUD RADLEYS	BARNEY L. AND MID EP	CREATION
8 THE A-BONES	HULLY GULLY 7"	LANCE ROCK
9 TINY LIGHTS	I THINK I JUST WANT TO GO AWAY 7"	KOKOPOP
10 BAITER SPACE	B.E.L.P. EP	MATADOR
11 MOTORHONEY	TAKE 7"	LANCE ROCK
12 JAWBOX	SAVORY + 3 EP	ATLANTIC
13 VARIOUS	TERYAKI ASTHMA IX 7"	C/Z
14 STRAIN	DRIVEN 7"	HEART FIRST
15 CURVE	MISSING LINK EP	CHARISMA
16 DIESEL QUEENS/INSANITS	DIESEL QUEENS VS INSANITS 7"	MAX. ROCK
17 APHEX TWIN	ON EP	SIRE
18 MOTORHONEY	TAKE 7"	LANCE ROCK
19 GUS	BAD DISCO 7"	HEAD RUSH
20 THE STAND GT	SUGAR BUZZ 7"	TOP DRAWER
21 BIKINI KILL	NEW RADIO 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
22 RAOUL	FRESH AND NOBLE 7"	LOOKOUT
23 THORSEN	EGG'S SAGA 7"	MELT
24 BUTTERBLOOM	OUR HEADS 7"	MERGE
25 SUPERCHUNK	REBORN 7"	MERGE
26 ARCHERS OF LOAF	THE RESULTS AFTER THE LOAF'S REVENGE 7"	MERGE
27 MONOXIDES	DROP OF NOTHING 7"	SUPERBOP
28 PIUTO	PRETTY LITTLE JACKET 7"	POPGUN
29 GENEMADINE	DONT FORGET THE HALO 7"	TEEN/SAMPLE
30 LAMBCHOP	NINE 7"	MERGE
31 FIFTH COLUMN	ALL WOMEN ARE BITCHES 7"	K
32 SKAWM	INCANDUCE CALIFORNIA 7"	ROCKAMUNDO
33 PORK	GRAND SLAM BABY 7"	NO. 6
34 ALL ABOUT CHAD	MEET ME IN THE HALLWAY 7"	SPINART
35 THE MERCEDES	THE MERCEDES 7"	WORD OF MOUTH

still have the feeling that they are better than this show suggested, so I'll likely see them again sometime in the future.

In complete contrast, North Carolina's Archers of Loaf came on stage about five minutes before midnight absolutely full of energy. The vocals were well projected and the guitars and drums nicely crunched throughout the set. Worthly of note was their relatively small and contained equipment: their combo amps and a four piece drum kit proved that you don't need to have walls of Marshall stacks and a drum cage to rock with a full sound. The songs were as fresh as their latest CD, *Kick Mettle*, and the set included brief attempts to play Heart and Slayer covers. Most importantly, they had fun, as did the audience which filled the Starfish to about 60% capacity, an unfortunately small crowd for such a good band.

Brian Wieser

MARCH 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 GOOD HORSEY	HOW OSWALD BASTABLE RUINED MY LIFE
2 MARK	SPRING CHICKEN
3 HUCULE	PAVEDRVR
4 THE REAL MCKENZIES	I AM A SCOT
5 SPARKMARKER	SPEAKING OF HEROES
6 MEET DADY	SHINY
7 BLASE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KID
8 TICKLE TRUNK	REVOLUTION
9 KID CHAMPION	SEVEN FORTY SEVEN
10 ERIC ESTRADA AND THE VELOUR NATION	DORK
11 SPIRITUAL HEROINE	IN YOUR SIDE
12 THE LEATHER UPPERS	I DON'T LIKE YOU (VERY MUCH)
13 CHILDREN OF ATOM	ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT
14 TERROR 1 AND THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR	TRUE 2 THA GAME
15 THE VELVETEENS	BORN AGAIN
16 DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS	TARRED AND FEATHERED
17 BLACK SUNSHINE	IMAGES
18 THE GOOCH	COMPLEMENTARY NACHOS
19 CHXDIGGIE	HV
20 THE VINAGRETTES	FISHING FOR A TROUT
21 TIGER BEAT	BOUQUETS AND KISSES
22 THE PRISONERS	SEXY, HE AINT
23 HUGO	TIME OF DAY
24 BRUCE L. FRASER	DEAREST
25 THE SURECUSTERS	SAVE THE WAVES
26 THE BIT TUBE SYRUP	SCREW YOURSELF DOWN
27 GREEN ACHERS	
28 INDIANA	ROAD
29 LAST CRACK	STRUCTURES
30 SEX WITH NIXON	DAYSTAR

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 RUFF RIDER	SHAGGY RIDAS EP	KICKIN/UK
2 LENNY D VS DJ EDGE	SILENCE OF ETERNITY	EDGE/UK
3 AENATRAX	NITRO 9	DELETERIUM/GERMANY
4 UP ABOVE THE WORLD	TRYING TO REACH YOU	EXIST DANCE/US
5 TEMPOCRIM	THE TEMPOCRIM	FRANKFURT BEAT/GERMANY
6 NICO	NICO'S NOISE CONTROL	CBS/US
7 MORY	ALL THAT I NEED	MUTE/CZECH
8 GTO	TAP OF THE ICEBERG LP	REACT/UK
9 KEOKI & H.L.S.S.	WE ARE ONE	ADRENALIN/US
10 MANDALA	HIGH NOON EP	NOOM RECORDS/GERMANY

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This Month's Specials at Zulu (the store)



Giant Sand

* Purge and Slouch

Every year for more than 10 years, Howe Gelb and the revolving door membership that is Giant Sand, have been releasing great albums after great albums to consistent critical acclaim. The problem is, most people haven't caught on. But with last year's *Centre of the Universe* and the new *Purge and Slouch* everything is starting to change. Recorded at the end of last summer *Purge and Slouch* is 77 minutes of the best eclectic, rambling, soothing music around. Part country, rock, folk, a little jazz and just plain weirdness, it changes moods with each song.

14.98 ● 9.98 ■ IMPORT

Various

* Abridged Perversion

Upland California's Shrimper Records offers an introduction to the "canon of low-fidelity music in cd, digital clarity. Provided is a diverse and compelling mix of many sounds and styles. Featuring Lou Barlow's Sentridoh, Bugskull, wckrsptg, and the Shrimper Records flagship band, Refrigerator. Introduce yourself to Shrimper, let Shrimper introduce themselves to you.

11.98 ● IMPORT

Portastatic

* Naked Pilseners

Three low-fi, 4-track, pop songs by the multi-talented Mac from Superchunk. An easy and entertaining Saturday afternoon listen. It made me smile, dig it.

7.98 ● EP IMPORT

Yo La Tengo

* From a Motel 6

What can be said about Yo La Tengo that hasn't already been said? They are one of America's most beautifully perfect bands. This new EP contains one song from their latest shiner *Painful* and offers a couple of new ones as well. Yo La Tengo translates from Spanish as "I have it" — and you know, this band really does.

7.98 ● EP IMPORT

Slowdive

* Souvlaki

Slowdive are dreamy, stargazed, visionary, fantastic, fancy, fairy-like, utopian, quixotic, ideal, unreal, in the clouds, extravagant, illusory, phantasmic, mythical, swifty, whirly, twisty, airy, delicate, light, fragile, heavenly, celestial, emperial, angelic, perpetual, continual, ageless, exciting, excellent, divine, elite, prime, grand, dandy, graceful, elegant, guitar pop. And now they're also available domestically with four extra tracks not available on the previously released UK version!

16.98 ● 10.98 ■

Vic Chesnutt

* Drunk

From New Directions paperbacks to Demerol and alcohol, Vic continues to write songs that make their way into the front room of one's desolate notions. The story behind Vic's third album is that he and his pals went down to a family farm in South Georgia, recorded a little and had a party for three days. The story's simple — listen to the record.

14.98 ● 9.98 ■ IMPORT

Pavement

* Crooked Rain,

Crooked Rain

Shy in the light of popular attention and high expectation, the crowned joker/princes of alternative rock and roll shrug their shoulders, and take to their instruments again to produce another document of youth culture and disenchantment. They skirt around the weighty emblem of so called "pop genius", managing to land firmly on their backs in the crooked rain of their own construction. Mysterious, thoughtful, progressive, always entertaining.

14.98 ● 9.98 ■ IMPORT

Jawbox

* For Your Own Special Sweatshirt

Reborn major label babes ease into the mainstream with a tight and dynamic full-on rock album. Great production and interesting songs make this a worthy listen, still with that famous Dischord Records sound.

16.98 ● 10.98 ■ IMPORT

Eugenius

* Mary Queen of Scots

Another happy/sad pop album by Kurt Cobain's favorite scots. Twelve foot-tappingly swell songs in tribute to one of their own — Mary. Check it out.

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● Chicane



Perfume Tree
● The Suns Running Out

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Daytona

TBA